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THE AFTER TIME.

BY M. E.

After the rainy weather,
After the winter's reign,
Sunlight and spring together
Come to us once again;
And after the long night watches
Cometh the dawning red,
Till the earth, enraptured, catches
The glow of the skies o'erhead.

Above us the clouds may hover,
Hiding the sun's bright ray;
After the storm is over
The gold breaks through the gray.
And, after the heat and burden
Of the noontide hours are o'er,
The ev'ning comes with its guerdon
Of rest to the toiler's door.

After the sowing, the reaping,
After the ebb-tide, flow;
After the pain and weeping
Peace cometh sure, if slow.
And after Life's care and sorrow,
Conflicts, and misery
Cometh the long to-morrow—
The calm of Eternity!

HER TALISMAN.

BY M. G. L.

Who would fail to be in a good humor on a sweet summer afternoon, when the birds were singing in the trees, and the sun was wrapping everything in a mantle of gold, and all nature wore the gentle smile of happiness?

The bungalow which the old Indian colonel had built for himself, and christened "Delhi Cottage," was in a lovely little spot in Devon. It was a quaint and modest home suggestive of the East, with a broad verandah running all round it, on to which the rooms opened. Surrounding it was a mossy lawn brightened with flower and fringed with a luxuriant wealth of forest trees. Here the veteran was gently passing away the few remaining years that were spared to him by nature and the bullets of many battles.

Colonel Stapleton had just left the verandah and seated himself in his quiet study, his sacredly private room, where he wrote his letters, and read his papers, and smoked his pipe, and where very few were ever privileged to disturb him.

Rat-tat at the door.

"Come in," said the colonel in his gentle voice.

Rat-tat-tat!

"Come in," cried the colonel in his military voice.

Rat-tat-tat-tat!

"Why on earth don't you come in?" in a distinctly natural voice.

Then the door burst open, and in ran little Maudie with a shout and a laugh, and she flew to her grandpapa with outstretched arms.

"I took you in, grandpapa; I took you in! Didn't you think it was the postman, or Miss Mary, or old Sir John? Tell me who you thought it was?"

Maudie was eight; grandpapa was seventy. The consequence was that as grandpapa was in a good humor, Maudie was immediately seated on his knee.

"You little mischief," said the old colonel, "why do you come at this identical moment? Don't you see I am writing a very important letter? Run away to Miss Mary for half-an-hour," and he stroked her hair and gave her a kiss.

"Miss Mary told me to run about and play in the garden," said Maudie.

Miss Mary Graham, be it understood, was Maude's governess, who loved the little orphan girl as if she were her own, and often thought to herself what a wicked thing war must be, when it blows out of life a whole generation, and leaves the one before and one after with a wide gap of sad memories between them.

"Miss Mary told me to play, grandpa, but I saw you through the window with your great big desk open, and I said to myself, 'I'll be the postman,' and see what you do when you open your big desk."

The desk which had aroused so much curiosity in Maudie's juvenile breast was an ordinary large writing-bureau, which, when unlocked, presented a number of drawers and shelves for letters, and the usual conveniences for papers and correspondence.

But Maudie had never seen her grandpapa's bureau open before. Whenever she had been in the colonel's study it had always been closed and locked, and the gentle little instinct of feminine curiosity was pushing its head up and quietly asserting itself. She had longed to see that big bureau open. Little did she dream how her own destiny was linked with its contents.

"Grandpa, what are all these drawers for?" said little Maudie.

"This is for paper," said the colonel, "and this is for envelopes, and this is for sealing wax and stamps," and he opened one after the other.

[illegible] Maudie, laying her chubby little hand on the lowest drawer on the right hand side.

The old colonel paused a moment and turned his great blue eyes, that shone like diamonds under the shaggy overbush of his thick eyebrows, on to the little girl on his knee.

"Strange things, Maudie, many very strange things."

Why is it that at the most unlikely times a wave of feeling sweeps over us and carries us back into the almost forgotten past? How is it that a chance word will sometimes conjure back into vivid life, as if by necromancy, that which can be no more.

Why was it that the old colonel, as he stroked little Maudie's hair, and said, "Strange things, many very strange things," forgot all about the present and stood again in thought on a battle-field in the far-off East, with a vision of death around him, and the white face of Maudie's father looking at him with dead open eyes? Oh memory! sad memory!

Perhaps it was because a change had suddenly come over the sky and clouds were shutting out the sun that the old veteran was saddened for a moment. For we must all confess that when the summer sun shines down upon us in its matchless glory, our hearts expand, and we feel blithe and happy; but when the clouds shroud it from our view the shadow falls upon our hearts as well.

Or perhaps it was because, as he looked into Maudie's big open childish eyes he saw for one flashing moment the reflection of a dear face, which to him now was only a dream of the almost forgotten past.

But, however it was, the colonel simply suppressed a rising tear, and opening the drawer said softly:

"Well, Maude dear, to-day I will show you some of my strange things."

And when he pulled out the drawer and placed all the odds and ends upon the table, sure enough there was a medley of curious articles before him. Some were loose, some carefully folded up with names and dates upon the wrappers: strange coins and medals brought from the far East, tigers' teeth and Chinese money, nose-rings worn in Thibet, and quaint ivory puzzles from Japan.

There were curious old rings, too, of various shapes and sizes, which would have aroused the interest of any bric-a-brac hunter. On one of these rings Maudie seized with childish curiosity because it was the strangest and the largest.

"Oh, grandpa, what is this? what is this?" said the little lady of eight in quite a dictatorial tone, as all ladies of eight and upwards can use when they want to be attended to. "What is it, grandpa? Tell me quickly."

"Well, Maudie," said the colonel very slowly, "that is your ring!"

But as he spoke the shade of sadness deepened on his face, for that was the very ring that he had found on the dead body of his son after battle, and which he could never look at without a vivid memory of that bloody day on which he had lost his only son.

"Mine! grandpa," said the little lady, "then I'll wear it.

"Whenever you wear it, they say it will bring you sunshine I hope it will, Maudie."

The little girl looked at it with her big brown eyes, and turned it in her hands, and slipped it on to her biggest finger, and then on to her thumb.

It certainly was a curious ring, a very curious ring. It was clearly Oriental both in design and execution, and seemed to be old and tarnished.

[illegible] what the stone should be was a very large circular disc of silver, swelling out like a full moon and having round its edge a number of protruding little stars, fifteen in all.

Maudie insisted on counting them. In the centre of the silver disc were some words engraved in one of those quaint cursive characters written from right to left that set scholars at defiance. It might have been a verse from the Koran, only the language was clearly not Arabic.

The colonel, although he had some acquaintance with the sacred tongue of the Moslems, had never been able to make head or tail of this inscription.

All he knew was that his son had brought the ring back with him after a difficult military expedition in a wild mountainous country, and had said laughing that it was a magic ring and would bring sunshine to its owner, and also that he intended it for his little Maudie when she grew up and got married.

After that, Lieutenant Stapleton had never mentioned the ring again, but it was found on his dead body after the battle, carefully wrapt up as though it were a talisman or something particularly precious.

How could it fail to have sad associations for the old colonel—associations that linked themselves not only with the gallant young soldier, who was sleeping his long sleep, but also with the rosy little maiden who was now seated on his knee toying with her quaint and mysterious legacy?

They were still sitting together when the sound of wheels was heard and a carriage rolled up to the door of the bungalow.

Maudie was on her feet in a moment, looking out of the window. "Oh, grandpa, it is old Sir John. And Bobbie is there too. Oh, I am so glad. Bobbie is going to teach me how to make flies to fish with." And Maudie was out of the room and at the carriage door before the coachman had pulled up the horses.

It was clear from the colonel's smile that he was pleased too. For Sir John Burnside was his nearest neighbor, as well as his ground landlord, seeing that Delhi Cottage was on the Burnside estate. Now Sir John Burnside was not only a large landowner and a political power in the county, but he was reputed to be a very wealthy man.

His family pedigree, indeed, going backwards, stopped abruptly at his grandfather, who had been a merchant in the good old days when sugar and slaves were equally acceptable as merchandise to the enterprising spirits of that famous seaport, while the colonel on the other hand, though a poor man, was the scion of a family that had mated with half the peerage.

Still the colonel, when he was in a good humor, as he was to-day, liked to see Sir John, and his bouncing little boy Bobbie too, the latter of whom had reached the mature and rollicking age of fourteen, while Sir John on his side loved to drive over to the bungalow and in his own mind to patronize the "Old Nabob" as he called the colonel. He did not quite know what a nabob was, but that is neither here nor there.

The colonel rose and went to his cottage door to welcome his rich neighbor, shook hands with him courteously and inquired after the health of Lady Burnside, not omitting to take due notice of Master Bobbie.

"Glad to see you colonel, glad to see you," said the little old baronet.

Sir John was a short podgy little individual with a bald plateau on the top of his head surrounded with a thick semi-circle of brushwood, iron-gray in color and very stubby in character, which did duty for hair.

His eye was keen but kindly, and his broad face was fringed with antiquated whiskers. You would probably have taken him for a retired grocer if you had not been told that he was the great Sir John Burnside, of Burnside Hall.

"Glad to find you at home," went on Sir John; "I want to have a private talk with you, but this urchin of mine, whom I distinctly told to remain at home, waylaid the carriage at the park gates and got up with the coachman without my knowledge or consent."

Sir John evidently thought he had been badly treated by his young hopeful.

"Don't be angry with him, Sir John," said the colonel, "boys will be boys; and besides, you ought to take it as a compliment that at fourteen he is so fond of being with his father, eh; Sir John?"

"Not a bit, sir; you don't understand boys, not having any of your own."

The colonel winced visibly and was on the point of speaking, when Sir John, who saw the mistake he had made and was now walking by the colonel's side up and down in front of the bungalow, said very softly:

"My dear old friend, I said the wrong thing; that is what I am always doing. All the world knows that your son died a hero's death and his little Maude is all that remains to you. What I was going to say was that that urchin of mine did not come for the sake of my company. Lord bless you, no! It is Maudie that is the attraction; that is the fun of it."

The colonel's smile shone out again from his handsome face as he glanced across the pretty lawn where, under the trees, Master Bobby and Miss Maud were engaged in a most animated conversation.

"Yes," said the colonel, as he looked at them, "they are almost like brother and sister."

Sir John stopped rather abruptly and glanced at the colonel with a very quizzical expression in his shrewd old eyes:

"Brother and sister! If they were brother and sister, sir, they would soon be slapping each other. That's my experience of life; is it not yours, colonel?"

The two old gentlemen paused, for a moment in their walk and laughed a quiet little laugh at the ironies of life,

and just at this moment the sun, which for nearly a quarter of an hour had been obscured by the fleecy clouds that were chasing each other over the sky, burst out again in its full refulgent glory. Immediately after, Maude was heard crying out in the distance, "Look grandpa! Oh, look! the sunshine, the sunshine."

The Colonel did not understand what she meant till he saw that the little lady had kept firm possession of her magic ring and was holding it up in her hand.

"I told Bobbie it would bring out the sunshine, and he said it couldn't; but it did, didn't it, grandpa? and it always will, won't it?"

Maudie was evidently in deep earnest, and the colonel was amused at the serious view she had taken of his few words. "I hope so, darling," he said, "with all my heart; but I very much doubt it."

The last few words were in an undertone to Sir John, to whom he added, "Leave Bob to play under the trees and let us go into my study and have a quiet cigar. Then you can tell me your news."

"To be sure," said Sir John, "to be sure. I want to tell you about a wonderful discovery that my man Rogers has made on the Three Acres. Rogers knows all about mining and he is convinced that there is a seam of coal somewhere down below the hill on my South Farm, and he thinks there's iron there too. He wants me to sink a shaft"—and the two old gentlemen disappeared into the colonel's den, and in a few minutes were smoking Manillas and discussing coal measures and iron ore and blasting furnaces and percentages and royalties, and altogether building castles in the air, not upwards towards heaven, but downwards in the unexplored bowels of the earth.

Presently they were interrupted by juvenile shouts from the garden, and went to the window. Master Bobbie was in front holding something as high as he could in the air while he tore along in and out of the big trees with little Maudie after him as fast as she could run.

Miss Mary Graham, too, Maudie's governess, had joined the race, and a pretty little scene it was. Bobbie had got the ring, and it was a case of catch-who-catch-can.

The baronet threw up the window: "Robert, behave yourself." But Master Robert paid no attention. "Robert, stop running." Robert did stop running. He turned his curly head round for one moment and looked at his sire in the distance.

And then finding himself at the bottom of a convenient tree, he shoved the ring into his pocket, made a leap for the lowest branch, swarmed the tree in two minutes, and before Maudie and Miss Mary could catch up to him he was safely perched on the highest bough.

It was all fun and a children's game.

"Don't be afraid, colonel," said Sir John with a touch of parental pride; "that boy of mine is like a squirrel. I think one of my ancestors must have been a steeple jack."

"Bobbie, Bobbie, don't go on the branch, don't, don't," cried Maudie in the distance.

"You mustn't, Master Robert," cried Miss Graham.

But Master Robert was wilful. The two old gentlemen were now on the lawn like two conscientious constables coming to keep the peace. Crash, bang went the bough. The rustle of leaves, a screeching and snapping of branches, a screaming of female voices, and a heavy thud, and Master Robert Burnside landed on mother earth.

Sir Robert and the Colonel ran. It was a good many years since the legs of either of them had renewed their youth in such a fashion.

There was a group round the old ash tree, all anxious, all frightened. But Master Robert was standing in the middle of them, rather scratched and rather pale, but erect on his two legs. There was a babel of voices, sympathies and scoldings all blended together.

"Here's your ring, Maudie," said Bobbie, puffing as he spoke; "you know I didn't mean to keep it."

"Oh, Bobbie, you can keep it if you like; but are you hurt?"

"I'll never take it again, Maudie; I but wanted to see if it would bring out the sunshine for me."

"Robert," said Sir John, in his sternest of voices, wiping his bald head, from which his hat had escaped in his run, "you are a bad boy."

"Not at all, Sir John," said the colonel, "all boys are alike."

"Well, then," said the baronet, replacing his hat, which the governess had recovered for him, "it seems to me that that ring of yours is going to cause considerable commotion in the world."

"No: being a prophet, I can't say," replied Colonel Stapleton with a smile; "but I hope Master Robert will always have the good luck to fall on his feet."

"Grandpapa," said Maudie, who always liked to put in a word, "perhaps it was because he had my magic ring."

And presently the carriage rolled away with the grisly old baronet and his young hopeful, while the colonel replaced the mischievous ring in his drawer of quaint old things, and Mary went about her work as usual.

A trifling incident in a gentle, quiet life, and that was all. And so the curtain fell.

* * * * * *

"The Chariot of Time," which the poets are so fond of describing, with its never resting wheels, ought to be portrayed by post and painter alike after the fashion of the old war chariot that took the Romans so much by surprise. As it speeds along, behold there are long sharp scythes projecting from each side, mowing down human beings to the right and left.

And, like it, the metaphoric chariot of Chronos, ever takes a zigzag path, sparing on the right and slaying on the left, or darting in the opposite direction and committing havoc in the most unlikely places.

But whatever mischief Old Time had committed in the decade during which Maudie Stapleton had slipped from lively eight to lovely eighteen, he had the good taste to keep his scythes away from Delhi Cottage.

The Colonel had reached the mellow age of eighty; Miss Mary Graham had bloomed into a buxom woman of five-and-thirty, and still insisted on taking care of her young mistress as if she were still in short frocks.

It requires an earthquake or a revolution, or at least a wedding, to persuade those who love us and live with us year after year, that we have passed out of the harbor of childhood and are actually sailing on the open sea of life.

And Maudie had grown into a beauty, rather she had developed from a lovely child into a lovelier maiden. "God make thee as good as thou art beautiful," must have been whispered over her cradle by some benevolent fairy, for her soul was as pure as the virgin tabernacle that enshrined it, and her heart was as gentle as her soft hazel eyes that could see nothing but goodness in the world around her.

Like the rest of us, she saw things and persons round about her not in the cold light of external truth, but colored by the tint of her own heart. So to her all the world was bright and every one was good, and her life, though a quiet, uneventful one, was lit up with sunshine.

But Time, the grim charioteer, had not behaved quite so benevolently to the great house in the neighborhood. He had driven his chariot one winter's evening, armed with a very sharp scythe indeed, into Burnside Hall, and poor old Sir John had been swept away and gathered to his unknown forefathers.

Lady Burnside, with her widow's cap, lived on drearily in the great mansion that her husband's father had built in the pride of the curiously acquired wealth of the old Bristol house. But what had become of Master Bob in these eventful ten years that had lifted him from the bread and butter age of fourteen to the smiling pedestal of four-and-twenty?

Master Bob—or now, Sir Robert Burnside, Bart., of Burnside Hall, Devon—was a remarkably well-known man in the world of fashion. He had inherited the paternal acres, which to his grief he found somewhat trammelled with mortgages; but instead of clearing off these mortgages, he added to them year by year.

He was heard of occasionally as driving a four-in-hand in Paris. Then a paragraph in the papers alluded to him as driving a tandem race with a Russian prince in Baden-Baden. From time to time he condescended to visit the foggy land of his nativity.

On these occasions he usually ran down to Devonshire and paid a visit to his old mother at the hall, and if we must tell the whole truth, he never failed to drive over to Delhi Cottage, to pay his respects to the colonel. As to whether it was exclusively for the colonel's sake or not, the gossips of the neighborhood were not unanimous.

He had been heard to say to his mother, after one of these flying visits, that there wasn't a girl in France or Germany that could touch Maud Stapleton in anything at all.

"She beats them all in a canter," were reported to have been his exact words. But then there were certain queer stories (true or false) about his goings-on in Paris, and public opinion had set it down as an article of faith that the young baronet must marry money.

Such was the state of affairs when on another summer evening the dear old colonel and his granddaughter, whom he loved as the apple of his eye, were seated under the biggest and thickest of the trees on their pretty lawn. Little Maudie was sitting near him. But we must not call her little Maudie any longer, for she is now a graceful young lady, dressed indeed in the simplest of white dresses, crowned with a big sun-hat, but looking like a queen who had thrown aside her robes of ceremony and put on the costume of an ideal shepherdess.

There were two other girls with her, daughters of a neighboring squire, and the three young ladies were laughing and chatting like three merry birds twittering on a tree.

The colonel was smoking a cigar and reading his paper, but from time to time he glanced aside to see the little group of maidens; and the old soldier's face was lit up with that genial smile which made the Persian poet say that there is no beauty like that of old age.

Presently a footfall was heard on the gravel walk in the distance, and the three girls, knowing it was the postman, ran off helter-skelter for the letters. There was quite a handful, some for Violet and Rosie, Maud's two merry visitors, one for Miss Maud, and no less than three, an unusual number, for Colonel Stapleton.

Oh, for the joy that the postman brings us, and hey lack-a-day for the sorrow.

The girls were happy as they read their various letters all full of chit-chat and brimful of brightness, but as the colonel read the first of his budget an unmistakable cloud chased the sunshine from his handsome face.

He rose slowly and walked along under the trees that led down to the brook cutting off the grounds of Delhi Cottage from the neighboring pasture lands. Let us look over his shoulder and read the letter with him.

"Dear Sir:—

"I have paid the annual premium as per receipt. You have a perfect right to inquire into the affairs of the Burnside estate since you hold a tenancy thereon as you describe. I regret to inform you that the young baronet has fallen into the hands of Messrs. Shorte and Sharpe, who have encouraged him to mortgage the whole of his estate.

"They have found the money and they have induced him to believe that certain mines which his father started on the estate are sure to bring him in a fortune that will redeem his property. They have themselves sent down a manager to take charge of the workings, which I am informed are very costly, but hitherto nothing satisfactory has been discovered. If Messrs. Shorte and Sharpe foreclose, you will of course become their tenant, though I do not suppose they will be likely to raise your rent. This, no doubt, is the object of your inquiry.

"Your obedient servant,

"Roger Rogerson."

But this was not the only letter that the colonel received. There were two others. The second was from his old friend Lord Dawlish, a large and wealthy mine owner. Here it is:

"Dawlish Castle, Devonshire.

"Dear Old Boy:—

"Delighted to do anything for you. I sent a smart foreman of mine incog. to look at the workings that you seem to be so anxious about. He has inspected them and reports that the manager is an old Welshman named Morgan. Either he doesn't know his business or else he is playing a game. He is sinking shafts and running adits just where he should not. My man thinks the property looks likely, but says he doubts if Taffy is going straight. Hope you haven't invested. Can I do anything more for you? Commend me to your little Maudie. Lady D. and the boys are blooming. We start the day after to-morrow for a couple of months' yachting.

"Believe me, always yours,

"Dawlish."

The third letter, written in pencil, was as follows:—

"Dear Colonel:—

"Here I am, at home again. Shall run over to see you this evening.

"Pon."

This was the colonel's budget. He walked up and down in the summer sunshine, his white head uncovered and his blue eyes, still undimmed by four-score years, looked over the sunny fields with a far-away look that showed his mind was a thousand miles away.

"I am very, very sorry," mused the colonel. "I do hope he won't come to-day."

Now the last remark of Colonel Stapleton requires a little explanation. He had known Bobbie from about the third day after he made his first appearance on the boards of the theatre of life. And he was fond of him.

He had often stood between the curly-headed little romp and his bald-headed sire when thunder was heard from behind the scenes. But he had other little favorites besides, and amongst these must be counted the whole family of his neighbor, Sir Roger Leonard.

Sir Roger had a splendid family of five bouncing boys and two girls. With Sir Roger and his five boys and the deeds they did our muse has nothing to do, but the two sweet girls Violet and Rosie Leonard were just at this moment chattering and laughing under the trees with his granddaughter, with whom they were spending a few days before going to town. Violet was twenty-two and Rosie was eighteen.

Rosie was a dark eyed little fairy that every painter wanted to transfer to his canvas. Violet was a happy-hearted, romping young lady, whose eyes were always twinkling with fun, and unconsciously drawing the gentlemen to her side.

Now, amongst the many bits of male iron that this unconscious magnet had drawn towards her at various times was Master Bob, so at least rumor said, and the old colonel had made up his mind long ago that dear Violet Leonard would one day be Lady Burnside, of Burnside Hall, Devon.

That is why he sighed when he heard how badly money matters were going with Bob, and said aloud: "I am very, very sorry. I do hope he won't come to day."

But wishes won't stop a well-built dog-cart with a smart pony in front of it doing ten miles an hour, and in such a suitable conveyance for a single gentleman, Sir Robert was bowling up the avenue to Delhi Cottage that very moment.

Before the old colonel could retrace his steps the dog-cart had pulled up and Sir Robert was shaking hands with the three girls all at once. It was clear that he was a favorite with the gentle sex. And a fine young fellow he was.

He was tall and broad shouldered and well dressed. He was dark and curly-headed and as full of life as a boy. His moustache was not big enough to hide his laughing lips and his eyes had a merry twinkle that was, if anything, rather too mischievous.

"Oh, Bobbie, why didn't you tell us you were coming?"

"So I did."

"No, you didn't."

"Ask the commander-in-chief. Where is he?"

"There he is on the board walk. How long are you going to stay?"

"Only a couple of hours. I've come to see the three graces," and off the four big children went under the trees, chatting and joking and waving hands to the colonel in the distance.

Now the four big children—for men and women may be children at any age—were bright and rather too frivolous, but the colonel was sad and anxious; anxious about Sir Bob, and equally anxious about the heart of Violet Leonard. What if this young rascal had come down to besiege the citadel of Violet's heart and make her surrender it to a penniless lover? A whole ton-load of responsibility suddenly seemed to come down from the heavens and fasten itself on the aged shoulders of the old soldier.

"I mustn't let him be alone with Violet," said the colonel to himself, and like a skilful strategist he laid his plans in his own mind. By this time he was in the middle of the group of laughing youngsters. He shook hands with Bob and asked after Lady Burnside, and was soon chatting about the latest news.

"Well, well," said Bob, "we are under the old tree that I tumbled down from; are we not, Maudie?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Maud; "I always have a sort of superstitious feeling about that tree. You came down plump."

"Yes, but I had your magic ring, you know. By the way, where is it? Does it always bring out sunshine?" and he laughed a merry little laugh as he remembered how he once clambered up to the topmost bough to test the power of Maudie's talisman.

"Well," said Maudie, "it brought you down safe and sound at any rate."

"Yes, Bob," put in the colonel, "you fell on your feet that time; perhaps you won't—but, well, well, let us hope for the best."

And so they chatted on, and presently Bob and the three girls were sauntering down towards the brook when the colonel perceived that Maudie and Rose were lingering behind and Bob and Violet were getting away in front. "Just as I expected," sighed the colonel.

Then his generalship came in.

Like most other generalship begotten of male brains, it was of the simplest nature. He strolled to the cottage and sent a message by Mary that he wanted to see Violet, as he was going to write a letter to her father. How much more subtle generalship would be if the female intellect could be brought to direct military operations in the field! But let us not jump over the hedge that separates actuality from speculation. The colonel's generalship, such as it was, was quite successful.

Violet came rushing in and Rosie, too, anxious to send all manner of messages to papa and mamma and the five youthful heroes whom our muse has distinctly declined to have anything to do with.

And Sir Robert and Miss Maud roamed together, happy-hearted, alone, under the tall trees, with the arrows of sunset darting between the rustling branches. It was the old, old story. She did not expect it, and yet when the words were said, she knew that her heart would have withered up if they had never been spoken.

He was as true as he was handsome. Her heart went out to him, and the love-light that sparkled in her eyes out-shone the glory of the setting sun. He told her how he had loved her when they were children, wandering hand in hand in the lanes of Devon, and how, amid all the gaieties of foreign cities, her face had been ever before him, and the thought of her had reined him in and kept him from the dissipations that lead youth to ruin.

He added a few words about his worldly affairs. "You know, darling, that the estate is encumbered, but I saw my solicitors before I came down, and they assure me all is right. They have chosen a first-rate man to take up the mining work on the Three Acres and on the hill on the South Farm, and before long we shall be turning out coal and iron ore that will pay off all the mortgages and make us rich and happy." And Maudie lingered on the word "us."

Now they were linked together. She was to be part of him, and all that was his was to be hers as well. It was not the money she thought of, but the linking together of two hearts and two lives. And Maudie was very happy.

"Bobbie" (the old familiar name rushed to her lips), "let us go in and tell grandpapa. I am sure the news will be a joy to him."

"You may depend on it, he has guessed all about it years ago," said Sir Robert.

"Was it not good of him to call the two girls away and give us a half-hour to ourselves? But grandpa is always so thoughtful."

So it always is in life! We get praised for the good deeds we did, and saddled with the peccadillos of somebody else.

Just then Miss Mary Graham came to say that Sir Robert's dog-cart had been waiting at the door for more than half-an-hour and the bay pony was getting very restive.

"All right, Miss Mary," said Bob, "I'll be there in a minute."

And Miss Mary wondered what mischief the young couple had been up to, they both looked so flushed and strange.

Before jumping into his dog cart Sir Robert walked into the cottage and found Colonel Stapleton in his study with the two Leonard girls, who felt themselves particularly favored in being admitted to that rather exclusive spot.

"Colonel," said Sir Robert with a very serious face, "I want to say something very important to you before I go."

The colonel looked up, and seeing the solemn expression the usually bright face of the young man wore, he jumped at once to the conclusion that Sir Robert had discovered for himself the perilous state in which he stood as regards his financial prospects; that he had come over to speak to the colonel on the subject as the friend of his dead father as well as his own, and that his light-heartedness an hour ago was merely assumed.

"Yes, yes," said the colonel, "but we can't talk about these matters just now," glancing at Violet and Rosie. "It is a serious matter, but I have long expected it."

Sir Robert was thunderstruck at the melancholy tone in which the old colonel alluded to an event that in Robert's opinion ought to have filled his old heart with joy, but the thought flashed through his mind that to the grandfather there would be as much of sadness as of joy when the darling of his heart and the stay of his old age should be taken from him.

A pang of pity touched him, and he felt his eyes grow moist, so he sought shelter in silence, and merely grasped the proffered hand.

"Not a word now, my dear boy," said the colonel, "not a word. But come over again in a few days and we will talk things over."

Another warm shake of the hand—all round this time, for the three girls were standing at the door—one quick look of beaming love from Maudie's eyes, and then Sir Robert jumped into his dog-cart the happiest man in Devonshire.

The bay pony was pawing the ground in his eagerness to start, the whip was in the driver's hand when the colonel walked round to the other side of the dog-cart and said:—

"Here, Bob; I have been hesitating whether I ought to tell you what I have heard from Lord Dawlish. Here is his letter; take it and read it when you get home."

Sir Robert had scarcely time to utter a hasty "thank you"—wondering what on earth Lord Dawlish had to do with his engagement to Maud Stapleton and to thrust the letter into his pocket, before the bay was off at a spanking trot, and Delhi Cottage shut out behind the trees.

It appeared in the papers some time ago that a man went about for a whole day with a cake of dynamite in his pocket. He had picked it up and thought it was a piece of clay.

In very much the same situation was poor Sir Robert as he drove home that day happy and bright and heedless of all care, not knowing that he had a bomb-shell in his pocket destined to explode before many hours and blow his fabric of happiness to the skies.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT.]

FOR PALTRY ENDS.

Everyone has heard of the Chinaman who burned down his house in order to roast a sucking-pig. The circumstance, indeed, is usually taken as a typical example of small results achieved by huge preparation. The Celestial Empire, however, boasts no "corner" in such happenings.

Sucking-pigs of all sorts are to-day constantly being roasted by means that are equally out of all proportion to their own importance; and, even in the single department of crime, instances of terrible misdeeds wrought for microscopic gain are, unhappily, only too abundant.

Swiss cyclists were at one period last season treated to a little excitement by the action of a cycle-hating tradesman in an important town. Resolved on an attempt to lessen the number of riders seen about, this individual hatched a scheme for producing a plague of punctures. He laid in an enormous stock of tin-tacks. When darkness set in on the evening previous to an important road race, he spent the hours far into the morning in sowing the tacks all over the route to be used. Tired out, he returned home and waited.

The race began; but as soon as the competitors entered the well-baited district, punctures took place every few yards, and many falls and smashes resulted, the contest having ultimately to be abandoned.

Happily, the fact that the schemer had purchased large quantities of the little nails soon came out. Accused of the crime, he ultimately confessed and begged for mercy.

At first it was proposed to insist that he should present each competitor with a new machine; but in the end he was let off on agreeing to replace any tire damaged by a tack in that town.

To an individual who had for some years paid for the insuring of his premises, the idea at length occurred that the half-yearly premiums were a distinct waste of money if he was never to have a fire.

He resided in a block of three houses, of which one was empty; and, choosing a time when his neighbors were away from home, he entered the end premises and set them on fire. Ere the conflagration was extinguished all three houses were more or less demolished. Three residences destroyed and two homes ruined in an attempt to get something back of an outlay of about fifteen dollars.

Of terrible crimes committed for small gain an example was quite recently mentioned in the papers. The driver of one of the "carazellas," or small open carriages that ply for hire in the streets of Naples, murdered another driver in order to get back a fare of twenty centesimi, equal to five cents, to which the murderer considered himself entitled. Even this is outmatched by the case of a tramp, who, on the road, fell in with a house-painter going hopping.

The latter possessed in cash only one penny, and this he one evening announced he should reserve to purchase next morning's breakfast with.

He never lived to see the morning, for the tramp attacked and killed him in his sleep, afterwards taking the fatal penny from the murdered man's clothing.

VARIED ACCOMPLISHMENTS — "When entering the names of applicants upon our register, we always ask them to mention every accomplishment of which they are possessed," explained the secretary of an institution conducting a very useful employment bureau. "We do this so that their every recommendation may be revealed. And very quaint ideas some of them have as to their particular qualifications.

"One clerk, in addition to book-keeping and shorthand, announced that he was very good at reading writing upside down. But that is of no use, is it?" queried I. 'Well, sir," said he, 'you see, when I go into offices and see letters lying on the desks, I can get at their contents without anyone suspecting it.'

"The accomplishment being a doubtful one, I did not enter it. Nor did I record the boast of an auctioneer's assistant that he could sing songs and was a capital billiard player. Another had a smattering of French and had won a prize for walking on his hands.

"One young man had an interview here with a lawyer who wanted a clerk. 'Do you think you could look after a batch of witnesses to be taken to the Courts?' asked the lawyer. 'I don't know, sir,' said the prospective clerk modestly; 'but several times I have taken the tickets at local concerts!'

"Young ladies, as well, sometimes come to us, and they also have occasionally peculiar 'gifts.' One girl proudly announced that she could use the typewriter.

"'Anything else you know?' was asked. 'Well, I make very pretty things out of crinkly paper,' she confided. Another took pride in the fact that she could whistle. And as a crowning proof of her intelligence, one young lady applicant claimed to have several times 'solved the puzzles in the weekly papers!'"

FATS AND FOODS.—Fats, including all palatable oils, are valuable as foods, and under favorable conditions may be digested and absorbed in considerable quantities by a healthy adult. Yet it is a popular supposition that fat is unwholesome, and in many cases the eating of fat does cause discomfort.

To live naturally, everyone should spend a part of the day in physical exercise, preferably in the open air. Exercise is requisite for the digestion of fat. Lack of exercise is one reason why, in many cases, fats disagree with the consumer.

The digestibility of different fats vary.

Butter and cod liver oil are in the front rank as regards ease of digestion. It is not easy to over-estimate the value of cod-liver oil as a tonic for a child born with an inclination to consumption, as indicated by coughs, lameness or curvature of the spine. The value of good butter in the same connection is not widely enough recognized.

To believe anything impossible is the way to make it so.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE ORANGE.—There is a ripe side to the orange as well as to the peach. The stem half of the orange is usually not so sweet and juicy as the other half—not because it receives less sunshine, but because the juice gravitates to the lower half as the orange hangs below its stem.

DICK'S HAT-BAND.—"As cross" or "As queer as Dick's hat band" is a common colloquialism. It is highly probable that this comparison alludes to the "crown" or unstable dignity of Richard Cromwell, son of Oliver, whose rapid fall from his high estate is also commemorated on the sign of many a rural inn—the "Tumble-down Dick."

THE CORMORANT.—The cormorant is largely employed in China for catching fish. The birds are reared and trained with great care and are taken out upon the lakes and rivers in a small boat, one man to every ten or twelve cormorants. The birds stand perched on the sides of the boat, and at a word from the man, they scatter on the water and begin to look for fish. They dive for fish, and then rise to the surface with the fish in their bills, when they are called back to the boat by the fisherman. A docile as dogs, they swim to their master and are taken into the boat, when they lay down their prey and again resume their labor.

WEIGHT FOR WEIGHT.—Marriage among the Celoes of Sumatra is celebrated with the following curious ceremony. In front of the bride's house is suspended an immense balance with large wooden scales, the whole adorned with leaves. On one of these scales the parents of the girl deposit fruit, rice, fuel for the hearth, some cocoanuts, and a little kid. On the corresponding scale the bridegroom has to deposit before sunset the presents which he makes to his intended till the balance sinks in his favor. At this very moment the girl leaves the house, approaches the bridegroom with the acclamation of those present, and the ceremony is concluded by a meal in common and by dances of a very monotonous rhythm, the cadences of which are accompanied by movements of the body.

CLEVER CROWS.—The crows seem to be very clever in Japan. At any rate, they are so reported by an author of travels in that country. Several of them were looking at a dog with a big piece of meat and were saying a good deal to each other on the subject. After much earnest speech one of them succeeded in tearing off a small piece, whereupon they all surrounded the dog, and the small piece was dropped near him. Unwisely he turned to seize it, while the other crows bore off the big piece to the tree, where they all ate it. The dog looked vainly about for it, and then went and barked at them inanely. Another time a dog was holding a piece of meat in the presence of three crows. After a consultation they separated, the two going as near as they dared to the meat, while the third gave his tail a bite which made him turn sharply round, while the other crows seized the meat and made off with it to the top of the wall. Along the sea shore they are very amusing, for they "take the air" in the evening, seated on sand-banks facing the wind, with their mouths open.

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The Ladies' Home Journal

Philadelphia

FAIR HANDS.

BY W. J.

Long time ago—it matters not how long!
Love keeps no record of the days or years,
Nor cares to ask why youth's exultant song
Should move the soul to gladness or to tears—
We were together at that dreamy hour,
When hearts grow fond and tender,
And with a glad surrender
We yielded, willing captives to its power.

The spell thus wrought in passion's fever heat
Hath held its sway through all these changeful years
As potent as when kneeling at your feet
Love's o'er wrought frenzy melted into tears.
I hold your hands, not fair as once they were,
But dearer than of old—
Oh, yes, a thousandfold,
Each line a record in love's calendar.

Oh let those hallowed fingers closer twine,
I cannot see through tears that little palm,
But while I hold it closely clasped in mine
My spirit feels again that brooding calm,
Which woman's love in grief or gladness brings
From the first rapturous hour
When conscious of her power,
She touches manhood in its purest springs.

WON AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PENALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS FORRISTER'S LAND STEWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(CONTINUED).

THE two lawyers gazed at each other in blank dismay after he had gone. "I always said that there was madness in the family!" exclaimed Mr. Pelford. "He takes it as coolly as if—if it were a case of 'a month or ten dollars!'"

"I don't believe he did it," remarked Mr. Lang.

"Then who did?" retorted Mr. Pelford; and Mr. Lang could not answer.

Gaunt went down into the street. His coolness had been quite free from affectation. Now that Decima was better, it did not in the very least degree matter what became of him.

The lamps had been lit, and the streets of the largest and wealthiest city in the world were wrapped in their usual gloom. That same gloom which is one of the things which fill the intelligent foreigner, visiting the land for the first time, with amazement and dismay.

It was rather a long walk from Pelford and Lang's office to Morlet's, but Gaunt welcomed it. It gave him time to think. Mr. Dobson, notwithstanding the evidence against Gaunt, had been so assured of his innocence, that he had tried, with flattering eagerness, to dissuade Gaunt from returning to England and giving himself up; but Gaunt had refused to be dissuaded.

The Gaunts, whatever their sins—and, as a family, they were peculiarly rich in this respect—had never lacked courage; and Gaunt had resolved to "face the music."

He insisted upon Mr. Dobson making for Southampton, and Mr. Dobson had, at last driven to it by entreaties and arguments, consented.

As to the result of his surrender, Gaunt was perfectly indifferent. He was weary of the game which we label "Life;" and, though he would have preferred to finish it at some other place than the scaffold, he did not care very much so that it were finished. He had lost Decima for ever, and for him life with all its possibilities was over.

Leaving Pelford & Lang's offices, he walked slowly and thoughtfully towards Morlet's hotel.

As he turned the corner by Berry Street, he almost ran against a man who was slouching along the pavement. The man was walking with a peculiar, dragging gait, and had his coat collar turned up, and his hands thrust in his pockets.

For an instant it struck Gaunt that there was something familiar to him in the manner of the man, and as he, Gaunt, muttered "Pardon!" he looked after him. The man made no response, and Gaunt walked in. Presently he heard footsteps behind him,

"A detective," he said to himself. "I shall not sleep in a comfortable bed tonight, after all." He walked on. The footsteps behind him grew close, and Gaunt, almost at the entrance to Morlet's, pulled up short, and glanced round. The man who had been following him pulled up as shortly, and the two looked at each other on the light of the street lamp.

Gaunt recognized the "shadow," and was the first to speak.

"Jackson!" he said.

The man started, hung his head, then raised it and looked at Gaunt with a dull, vacant intensity.

"Why, it is you, Jackson!" said Gaunt, "How did you come here? I'm glad to see you!"

Mr. Jackson's lips moved as if he found it difficult to articulate.

"I thought it was you, and so—so I followed," he said. "I landed at Portsmouth this morning. I only reached London this morning."

Now there is no one for whom you feel a keener interest than the man whose life you have saved at the risk of your own; and Gaunt, notwithstanding his natural reserve, felt pity towards this waif and stray. So he regarded Jackson with a frank smile of welcome.

"I read of your safe landing at Mogador," he said.

Jackson nodded, and looked from side to side in an abstracted fashion.

"Yes; they took us to the Canaries; and the mail brought us back to England."

"But you wanted to go to Africa?" remarked Gaunt.

Jackson gazed up at the leaden London sky, and then at the nearest lamp.

"Yes; I did. But it didn't matter."

"Not matter!" said Gaunt. He looked at the man attentively. Jackson seemed thinner and more attenuated even than he had been on board the Pevensey Castle.

His face was white, his eyelids red and swollen, and his bearing and manner those of a man who has been drinking heavily, or is very ill.

"No," said Jackson, dully; "it didn't matter."

"Where are you going?" asked Gaunt. It seemed to him that, having saved the man's life, he was, in a sense, responsible for his future welfare.

"I don't know," said Jackson, indifferently.

"You'd better come with me," said Gaunt. "I am going to Morlet's Hotel. They'll be able to find a room for you, I dare say. You look—you look tired."

"I am wet, and I am tired," said Jackson.

They went up the highly-respectable steps of Morlet's, and the highly-respectable Wilkins met them at the door; it is scarcely necessary to say that the highly-respectable Wilkins sustained a severe shock at the sight of Lord Gaunt.

"My—my lord!" he gasped.

Gaunt nodded, and smiled at him.

"All right, Wilkins," he said, easily. "I want a room—a couple of rooms—one for my friend here, for to-day only. You're looking well, Wilkins. Can I have my old room?"

If Lord Gaunt had been ten times the criminal the world believed him to be, Wilkins could not have resisted that smile or the tone which accompanied it. He led the way in a solemn and impressive silence.

"You'll give us some dinner—anything, Wilkins," said Lord Gaunt, as easily as before; and Wilkins, all in a flutter, could only bow, and respond with:

"Certainly, my lord."

Gaunt waited until the man, Jackson, had been conducted to his room, then he went to his own and washed.

When he came down Jackson was standing before the fire, and Gaunt saw more plainly than he had seen in the street, the wasted and woebegone countenance of the man he had saved from a watery grave.

The dinner was served—an admirable dinner, considering the shortness of the notice; but neither of the two men could do it justice. Gaunt was thinking of Decima, and the charge that hung over his head, and Jackson also appeared to be overweighted by trouble.

"A good dinner wasted," said Gaunt, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "There is a reason for my want of appetite; but I don't know of any for yours, Mr. Jackson. Will you have some?"

"No, thanks!" said Jackson. "I—I should like some brandy."

Gaunt signed to Wilkins, and he brought the desired spirits. Jackson drank half a tumbler.

"What's the reason you can't enjoy your dinner?" he asked, regarding Gaunt with lack-lustre eyes, round which were rims as red as if they had been painted.

Gaunt smiled grimly.

"Well, I suppose because it is the last I shall eat in liberty—freedom—for some time," he replied.

"What do you mean?" demanded Jackson.

Gaunt lit a cigarette.

"You know my name?" he asked.

Jackson nodded.

"And have read the papers—the newspapers?"

Jackson shook his head.

"No!"

"Ah!" said Gaunt, reluctantly. "If you had, it would have saved me an explanation. I am Edward Barnard Gaunt, and I am charged with the murder of—of my wife at Prince's Mansions."

CHAPTER XXXV.

JACKSON set down the glass untasted, which he had been raising to his lips. His manner was so indicative of surprise, amazement, that Gaunt stared at him.

"Do you mean to say that you have not seen a paper—a London paper?" he asked.

Jackson moistened his lips with his tongue.

"No," he said; "I—I haven't seen a paper. I—I know nothing about it. There was no paper on board the ship that took us off from Mogador."

Gaunt sighed.

"It's soon told," he said. "A woman was murdered at one of the flats at Prince's Mansions—— What is the matter?" he broke off, as Jackson half rose from his seat.

"Nothing—nothing!" said Jackson with the hollow cough which Gaunt had noticed several times during the meal.

"She was murdered—stabbed with a Persian dagger. The room in which she was found was my room. The dagger was mine. The coat thrown over her—a fur coat, easy to identify—was my coat; and"—he paused—"the woman was my wife!"

"Yours!" ejaculated Jackson. He gripped the table with both hands, and stared at Gaunt with his hollow, bloodshot eyes, with a gaze half of amazement, half of terror.

"Yes; mine!" said Gaunt, leaning back in his chair, and gazing moodily at the tablecloth. "She was my wife. I married her, thinking her all that was good, and pure, and innocent. I loved her. But that's a different part of the story. The salient fact is that she was found murdered—in my rooms. That I had been there!"

"You! You had been there!" ejaculated Jackson.

"Yes," said Gaunt. He had almost forgotten his auditor, and was communing with himself. "I had been there. She came in while I was there, and there was a scene. I daresay I threatened her—she tried me hardly enough!—and I was very likely overheard by the servants. In short, Mr. Jackson, the evidence is very black against me. I tell you all this because you may object to continue an acquaintance with a man who lies under so heavy a charge, and whom you will probably think guilty."

Jackson leant back in his chair, and, with his head sunk between his shoulders, coughed appallingly, and stared at Gaunt.

"If you'd like to say 'Good-bye,' and go to another hotel," said Gaunt, "pray do so. I shall not be offended, or deem your desire to cut my acquaintance an unreasonable one."

"She was your wife?" said Jackson in a hollow voice, and apparently ignoring Gaunt's suggestion. "Your wife!"

"Yes," said Gaunt with a sigh. "And when I think of her lying dead, I can only remember that I once loved her, and I can forgive her all the misery she caused me."

Again he spoke more to himself than to Jackson, who, sunk deeply in his chair, looked a ghastly object, and scarcely capable of understanding the case; but presently, without taking his bloodshot eyes from Gaunt's face, he said:

"If the evidence against you is so strong, why in the name of goodness did you come back? You might have got off in that yacht, and—there would have been no more bother."

Gaunt raised his eyebrows slightly.

"If I had been guilty I suppose that is what I should have done," he said; "but I am innocent. Of course, I do not insist upon your believing me——"

Jackson made a movement with his hand.

"And, being innocent, of course, I have come back to face the thing. What else could I do?" he added, simply.

Jackson's eyes wandered round the room, then returned, with their fixed stare, to Gaunt's face.

"You take it coolly!" he said, hoarsely, and with an oath. "Suppose—suppose they find you guilty?"

"Then I shall not be the first man who has suffered innocently," said Gaunt, gravely.

Jackson got up from his chair with difficulty, and went and leant against the mantelshelf. The short journey brought on his cough again, and he bent, and placed his handkerchief to his lips. As he took it away, Gaunt saw that there was blood upon it.

"I'm afraid you're very ill, Mr. Jackson," he said. "Don't you think you'd better go to bed, and let me send for the doctor?"

Jackson waved the suggestion away impatiently.

"I'm all right," he said, sullenly. "Who—who did this murder?" he asked, hoarsely.

Gaunt shook his head.

"I have not the least idea. I know nothing of my wife's life since I left her, or her recent movements; and I suppose the police were so assured of my guilt that they didn't deem it necessary to look in any other direction."

A curious gleam shot for a moment into Jackson's eyes as he bent over the fire.

"The police are fools!" he said. "I suppose anyone could have got into the flat, the room? What's the name of the Mansions?" he asked, with a cunning glance at Gaunt.

"Prince's Mansions," said Gaunt. "I do not think so. The servants would have seen anyone enter."

Jackson smiled; his back was to Gaunt.

"If I'd been the detective in charge of the case, I should have raked up her past life; I should have found out what friends she had; who she'd quarrelled with lately. They're fools!"

He turned round and looked at Gaunt; his face was flushed with a kind of childish satisfaction, and he began to laugh in a meaningless fashion; but the laugh was cut short by the awful, hacking cough, and again the handkerchief was stained with blood.

"Look here, Jackson," said Gaunt. "I must insist upon your going to bed, and having a doctor. You see I somehow feel responsible for you, having brought you here."

"Yes, I know," said Jackson. "You saved my life; you gave up your place in the boat——"

"I wasn't thinking of that," said Gaunt, quickly.

"No; but I was!" broke in Jackson, in a hollow voice. "I'm bad, I know; but you don't suppose you're the only man who isn't afraid of death, do you? Perhaps I've got as much pluck as you have," he added, with a kind of defiance.

"My good fellow, I don't doubt your courage," said Gaunt. "And, as to being afraid of death, life isn't such a desirable thing for most of us that we should cling to it very desperately. But you're a young man, Jackson, and have got all the world before you; and you ought to take better care of yourself."

Jackson stared at him gloomily.

"You're young yourself," he said, "and rich, I suppose"—Gaunt shrugged his shoulders—"and a nobleman. What's the matter with life that you should be so anxious to lose it?"

Gaunt smiled grimly.

"Life is just what we make of it, Jackson," he said. "I've made a mess of mine, and, candidly, I am exceedingly sorry that the Sea Wolf happened to lose her way in the fog that night. But I won't bore you any longer with the story of my griefs and sorrows," he added, with a smile. He rose, as he spoke, poured out a glass of the Morlet port—it was excellent wine—and carried it to Jackson.

"Drink that;" he said. "I don't think it will hurt you; then go to bed. I'll send for my doctor to-morrow; he's a clever fellow, and will put you right, I hope."

Jackson took the glass and drank the wine, looking steadily at Gaunt as he did so.

"Don't trouble to send for your doctor," he said. "He couldn't do any good. I'm past tinkering; I know that. I've led a most vicious life for some time past, and that night in the fog off Mogador put the finishing touch."

He set the empty glass down on the mantel-shelf and moved to the door. He was a young man, as Gaunt had said, but he looked a very old one, and very bad and feeble at that, as he shuffled along with his red head bowed on his breast, and his hands hanging limply at his side.

At the door he paused and looked round the room and then at Gaunt.

"Good night," he said. "I haven't for-

gotten what you've done for me. You're a brave man, Lord Gaunt, and I admire you."

"Thanks," said Gaunt with a smile. "Good-night, or rather, good-bye. I expect I shall be gone before you come down to-morrow. Don't hurry up, but take a long rest. Oh, by the way! Do you happen to want any money? If so—" He took out his purse. He still felt as if, having saved the man's life, he was in a sense responsible for his welfare.

Jackson's face grew red, then livid, and he looked at Gaunt with a curious expression in his bloodshot eyes.

"I've got plenty of money, he said brusquely. "Good-night!" and he left the room.

Gaunt was not sorry to lose him, for though he had saved the man's life and was anxious to befriend him, he did not like him; but, perhaps for that very reason, he felt that he must look after him, and do the best for him. It was like Gaunt to think of another man, even in the midst of his own terrible trouble.

He drew his chair to the fire, and lit a pipe, and—in it necessary to say—began to think of Decima.

His wife was dead, and he was free. But Decima was as far from him as ever. It was more than possible that a jury of twelve highly respectable and intelligent Englishmen would find him guilty of the murder of his wife. But even if they should not, Decima could not be his. She could never forget that he had deceived her and tempted her to fly with him.

He spent a couple of hours in the delightful occupation of thinking how exquisite a thing life would have been if he had met his girl-love years ago; if he had not married; if—Life is made up of "ifs." He sighed, rose and stretched himself, and went out into the hall.

Wilkins was standing there, as if waiting for him.

"Well, Wilkins," he said, cheerfully. "I suppose you know whom you've been harboring?"

Wilkins colored, then went pale.

"I'll never believe you did it, my lord!" he said, with agitation.

"Thank you," said Gaunt, with that tone and smile which affect men like Wilkins so greatly. "As a matter of fact, I didn't. Have me called early to-morrow, Wilkins, will you? I should like to have my breakfast before the police come."

"Certainly, my lord," said Wilkins with a gasp. "I 'ope your lordship don't blame me? I had to give evidence."

Gaunt smiled, rather wearily.

"I don't blame any one but myself," he said "Good night."

He was very tired, and he slept soundly. He dreamt of Decima that night; as he had dreamt—how often! He thought he saw her standing at a distance from him, and smiling at him. But she was a long way off, and though he stretched out his hands towards her, he could not reach her.

He came down to breakfast the next morning as calm and self-possessed as usual. Wilkins was waiting, as if nothing were the matter.

"Where is Mr. Jackson?" asked Gaunt.

Wilkins coughed. "He left the hotel early this morning, my lord," he said.

Gaunt shook his head. "I'm afraid he was not fit to go out."

"No, my lord," said Wilkinr. "I heard the gentleman coughing all night; it was something dreadful."

"Take care of him, if he comes back," said Gaunt. "He ought to be in bed, and under a doctor's care."

Gaunt ate his breakfast, and he was lighting a cigarette, when Wilkins announced two gentlemen. They were Mr. Pelford and Mr. Burns, the detective in charge of the case.

Mr. Pelford was very pale, and evidently struggling with his agitation.

"This is Mr. Burns, Lord Gaunt," he said, "the detective."

Gaunt nodded, and Mr. Burns looked at him keenly.

"Sorry to disturb you, my lord," he said.

"Not at all," said Gaunt. "I'm afraid I've given you a great deal of trouble, Mr. Burns; quite unwittingly. Will you take a cup of coffee? No! A cigarette?" He handed his cigarette case.

Mr. Burns was rather staggered. He had had a large experience of criminals, small and great, but he had never met with one quite so cool as this.

"I'm afraid I have an unpleasant duty to perform, my lord," he said.

"Most duties are unpleasant, Mr. Burns," said Gaunt. "You have come to arrest me, I suppose?"

"I'm afraid so, my lord," said the detective. "I need not warn your lordship that I shall be obliged to use anything you may say against you."

"Quite so!" said Gaunt. "Wilkins, may I trouble you to get me my hat and coat?"

"I wish to remark," said Mr. Pelford, with an agitation in strong contrast to Gaunt's coolness, "that Lord Gaunt has come back to England of his own free will, and with some difficulty, to meet this charge."

"I quite understand that," said Mr. Burns. "I've got a brougham outside. We shall drive straight to Holloway."

As they entered the brougham, a newspaper boy pushed forward, yelling:

"Murder in Prince's Mansions! Arrest of Lord Gaunt!"

Gaunt smiled grimly.

"They get the news very quickly, don't they, my lord?" said Burns.

"I have wired to Mr. Bright and to Mr. Robert Deane," said Mr. Pelford; "and I have seen Sir James this morning. Everything is being done that can be done."

"I'm quite sure of that," said Gaunt pleasantly.

It was a long drive to Holloway, but they reached it at last, and the governor of the prison received his famous charge courteously. As Gaunt was only a "suspect," and had not yet even been examined, though committed on the coroner's warrant, the governor was able to allot him fairly comfortable quarters; and Gaunt found himself in a fairly large and decently furnished room.

"This is quite luxurious," he said.

The governor smiled apologetically; and Mr. Pelford looked round with a sigh. Presently he was left alone with Gaunt.

"Is there anything you can tell me—anything that will help us, Lord Gaunt?" he said.

Gaunt seated himself on the bed, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Pelford," he said. "If I were to go over it all, I should only repeat the evidence against me. I cannot deny that I was at Prince's Mansions the night of the—the murder; that the poor woman, my wife, came in while I was there; that I had a scene with her—a which is engraved on my memory, and I fear will never leave it—and that I left her storming against me. It was my coat that was found covering her; it was my dagger with which she was stabbed. Against these facts my mere assertion that I did not kill her will weigh but very little, I am afraid."

Mr. Pelford went to the window, heavily barred, and stared out into the prison court yard.

The case looked very black.

He remained with Gaunt for half an hour, talked over the thing, until Gaunt was weary and sick at heart; then he went, and Gaunt was left alone.

He was almost glad of the quietude. He was free to think of Decima.

Certain privileges, which to a free man would seem of very little worth, but which to a prisoner are valued exceedingly, were permitted to him.

His meals were sent in by the nearest hotel; there was a goodly supply of newspapers and magazines. But Gaunt could not read, and he could not do justice to the dishes which had been so considerately supplied.

The short winter day was drawing to a close, when there came a knock at the door, and the governor entered.

"There are some visitors for you, Lord Gaunt," he said.

Gaunt rose from the bed on which he was lying.

"Oh, very well," he said. He thought it might be Mr. Pelford or Mr. Lang; but the governor ushered in Mr. Bright and Bobby.

For the first time Gaunt's self-possession forsook him and he could not speak as Bobby rushed forward and shook his hand; but he recovered his usual self-possession in a moment or two.

"This is good of you, Bobby!" he said.

"We got a wire this morning," gasped Bobby; "and Bright and I came up."

Gaunt shook hands with Bright.

"I'm fated to be a trouble to you, Bright," he said.

Bright could not find his voice for a moment, then he panted—

"Thank Heaven, you are alive! Oh, what is to be done, my lord?"

Gaunt shrugged his shoulders.

"Not very much, I'm afraid, Bright," he said. Then he turned to Bobby, quickly—"Is your sister, Miss Deane, quite well?"

"Yes—yes!" replied Bobby. "She's all right. She's here—with Lady Pauline!"

Gaunt winced, and the color left his face.

"Here! Not here—in the prison?"

"Yes," said Bobby. "She would come; nothing could stop her."

"I am sorry!" said Gaunt, gravely. "Will you not take her back, Bobby?"

Bobby shook his head.

"No," he said; "it wouldn't be of any use asking her. You don't know Decima!"

"Do I not?" thought Gaunt.

"The moment we got the telegram," said Bobby, "she insisted upon coming up. She said she'd been there, at the Mansions, that night, and she might help you."

"I know," said Gaunt, quietly. "That your sister was there is my greatest trouble. That she should be mixed up with this affair, that her name should be mentioned in connection with it, causes me greater grief than anything else. Will you tell her that I am deeply grateful to her for coming, but that I—I—" his voice broke.

"Tell her yourself," said Bobby. "She's outside in the corridor waiting."

Gaunt sank on the bed, and remained silent for a minute or two.

Heaven alone knew how he longed to see her; but Heaven alone knew how keenly he desired that she should not be in any way associated with his trouble.

"I play this hand alone," he said to Bobby with a sad smile. "Tell your sister that I am sorry she has come; that I am grateful to her; but that I shall be glad if she will go back home, and forget that such a person as I ever existed."

"I'll tell her," said Bobby; "but—"

They talked, Bright and Bobby, one against the other. Of course they assured Gaunt of their belief in his innocence, and their assurance that his innocence would be proved. They were both very excited, very agitated; but Gaunt was quite cool and self-possessed.

As a matter of fact, he was thinking, not to himself, but of Decima; that she was there, near him, in the corridor! Bobby and Bright would have remained for any length of time, but at last Gaunt dismissed them.

"Take your sister home, Bobby," he said, "and watch over her. Tell her that on no account is she to appear in this affair. Don't worry about me; my lawyers will do their best, be assured."

Bright and Bobby as agitated as when they had entered, left the cell and Gaunt paced up and down.

Presently he heard a knock; the warder opened the door.

"A lady to see you, my lord," he said. He stood aside and Decima entered.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DECIMA came in, and they stood looking at each other in silence. Gaunt could not have spoken or moved if his life had depended upon his doing so. And, as he looked at her, he saw, with a pang of remorse, the change that had taken place in her.

The face, the form, were girlish still; but on the face was an expression which only comes to those who have passed the brook which divides girlhood from womanhood; and in the lovely eyes was a look which told him all too plainly how much she had suffered.

But to the man whose heart ached with love for her, how beautiful she was! How her presence seemed to bring a ray of sunlight, a glow of warmth into the cell! And yet he would have done much to prevent her from coming.

It seemed to him that she suffered desecration by breathing the prison air, as if her purity were polluted by her surroundings.

He would have liked to take her in his arms and carried her outside, far away from the hateful, degrading place.

She looked at him steadily, with a grave sadness which he had never seen before in her eyes; and it smote him with an added remorse.

He had found her an innocent, light-hearted girl; it was he and his love that had robbed her youth of its brightness and its faith, and its innocence.

He met her gaze for an instant, then his eyes fell. She sighed. She had not offered him her hand—he had noticed that—and she stood apart from him as she spoke.

"I came at once—directly I heard," she said. Her voice thrilled through him; and yet, how low and grave it was; how different to that he remembered! Was it Decima who was speaking, or an angel who had won her away to Heaven through the ordeal of sorrow and suffering?

"I am sorry," he said, hoarsely. "You—you should not have come! This—this is not a fit place for you!"

Commonplace words enough; but she knew the feeling, the emotion, which they masked.

"Ah, yes!" she said, with a faint smile. "They said at first I must not come; but when I explained—" She stopped. "I knew you were not dead!" Her voice broke. "I—I felt that you were not! But—but I was glad when I heard!" Her eyes filled with tears, but she checked them. "Aunt Pauline came with me. She is in the corridor."

"I will ask her to come in," he said, scarcely knowing what he said.

"No; do not. I told her that I wished to see you alone."

He bowed his head.

"Why? I am sorry you have come! It—it hurts me to see you here—in this place."

"I know," she said, simply, as if she understood him fully.

"All through this—this awful business I have had one paramount desire—that you, that your name, should not be connected with it! I have brought you unhappiness enough, surely! You might have been spared this crowning misery!"

"I knew that you would think as you do, and that is why I came," she said, in the same sweet, low voice.

He looked at her in helpless pain.

"I know that you would rather suffer anything, run any risk, than that I should appear."

"Yes!" he said. "It seems to me that nothing else matters!"

"Oh, do not say that!" she broke in, with a catch in her voice. "Do not say that, when—when so much is at stake—your liberty, your safety——"

"You must not think of them!" he responded quickly. "I have brought it all on myself."

"Ah, no, no!" she cried. "Not that You did not do it—you are innocent!"

"Of the crime with which I am charged—yes," he said; "But"—bitterly—"I am guilty of having wrecked your life—of having caused you unhappiness."

She shook her head slightly, with a faint smile that was infinitely sad.

"No; it—it was my fault. If you had never seen me——"

"Don't!" he broke in, hoarsely. "You know that no shadow of blame can rest on you. None—none whatever! No punishment I might suffer for anything I have done, or not done, could atone for the wrong I have done you. It is that thought that makes me say, and feel, that nothing that can happen to me can matter to me very much. I have only one desire, and that is that you should come to forget me and all that concerns me; I dare not hope that you will ever forgive——"

Her head dropped; then she looked at him.

"I have forgiven!" she said, simply. "It—it was not hard. If—if you had not cared for me——"

He uttered a broken exclamation; but she went on calmly, sadly, her eyes meeting his bravely, with a kind of sad resignation—"you—you would not have asked me—wished me—to go with you."

"That—that does not palliate——" he said, hoarsely.

"Ah, yes!" she said, and all the woman spoke in her tone. "Yes; I remember that, when—when I remember that night." A faint color passed over her pale face quickly.

He hung his head

"That is like you," he said, humbly, gratefully. "It was like you to come here, to tell me this. And—none can know how great a comfort to me it is! It will lighten the burden of my remorse. And—and you will go now; you will not appear—take any part in this business?"

"I must," she said in a low voice, but with a touch of firmness which was a full tribute to Lady Pauline's teaching. "I know that you would rather run any risk to spare me; and it is because of it I have come to tell you that you must not let any thought of my comfort stand in the way of my helping you. I was there that night; I may be able to tell them something that may help to prove your innocence——"

He raised his head with a movement indicative of repudiation.

"You must not!" he said. "I—I could not bear to see you in court, before the public, with every eye upon you. I would rather——"

She shook her head.

"Tell me how I can help you," she said, breaking in upon his speech gently, but firmly.

"If I tell them all—all I know; all that happened, it may be of use——"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GOOD conscience is to the soul what health is to the body. It preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us.

AUTUMN'S HOUR.

BY F. M. G.

The wind sweeps thro' the withered stocks,
The dahlias and sweet peas,
Sweeps through the dripping hollyhocks
And the battered picotees;
Autumn and summer fight it out,
And, look you, this is summer's rout.

Though for a final desperate fall
He forms his shattered lines
Where underneath the southern wall
The ribbon border shines—
A gallant show October through,
Like the Old Guard at Waterloo.

Blossom and leaf—yet how shall they
Withstand fierce Autumn's might,
His storms of wind and rain by day,
His dews and frosts by night?
Nay, one by one the flowers give in;
'Tis Autumn's hour and he must win.

Then with poor Summer lying low,
Slain by his deadly breath,
Generous towards his beaten foe,
He honors him in death.
And spreads for him a gorgeous pall
Of crimson, gold, and red withal.

Number Twenty-Seven.

BY V. W.

THE prison warders wished him "good-bye;" the chaplain, who was always kind, shook hands. Money there was, too, for him to receive that he had been unconsciously earning—for he had certainly never thought about it—and even pennies amount to something in ten years, though they would never have reached the sum presented to him now; but the chaplain was always kind, and even the sterner authorities were desirous to make some atonement towards so injured a man.

In these days of philanthropy few ever leave prison helpless or without friends, so the man was met by kind, unknown persons, who spoke words of hopefulness and comfort, and offered to find him shelter and work.

But the latter he was far from desiring; perhaps he thought he had done enough, and he had no reason to require it, having plenty of money in his pockets.

He metaphorically, if not in reality, shook off his would-be friends, and refused their aid; the sound of their strange voices worried him, and he wanted to be alone.

He was once more in the world, and it dazed him; the noise and bustle of life and the crowds of men frightened him. He wanted to get away from it all, into an atmosphere where he could breathe; into a place where he could throw up his arms, and shout or cry undisturbed.

He could not walk steadily nor straight, neither could he hold his head erect; much as he tried, he could not get out of people's way, and several times he collided with them—one or two swore at him, making him shrink nervously away.

The whirl of traffic made him giddy; he ran the risk of being knocked down. Once a policeman caught hold of him and pulled him from the road.

The man never thanked the officer for saving him from injury—speech forsook him; something in the sight of that blue uniform recalled some awful memory of the past, for the cold prespiration burst out from every pore.

Hastily he turned down a side street into a quieter locality, trembling in every limb. A mist was before his eyes; he tried to clear it away, for he must get on out of sight of these prison-like brick walls which grew on every side—out of reach of these terrible men.

He walked on as quickly as he could; but all was so new and strange—even to the length of his coat sleeves and the flapping of his trousers on his boots—and his rate of traveling was greatly impeded by a weight as of iron on one side, which gave him a shuffling gait.

He grew faint and hungry, and wondered, vaguely, if it were dinner time; then, with a start, remembering that he could dine when he pleased, and upon what he pleased, for he had plenty of money in his pockets.

He cast fugitive, inquiring glances around till he detected a shop where viands ready cooked were displayed in the window; to one accustomed to such different fare it looked deliciously tempting, and he prolonged his gaze till he saw, reflected in the glass, the face of a man he seemed to know.

The Man turned quickly, but no acquaintance stood there. Startled and alarmed, he walked on till a baker's was reached, and turning in, he nervously, as one who fears to hear his own voice, asked for bread.

The girl serving wrapped him up a loaf, and without raising his head, nor daring to meet her eyes, he mechanically laid down a coin and turned away.

"Your change, sir," she cried loudly, and he stood half petrified at her words—it was so long since he had received that title, and yet he had always had it addressed to him once.

He remembered it perfectly now; there was another name, too, but that he could not recall—only Twenty-seven, and that resounded through his bewildered head, and beat out all other names.

Bricks and mortar, houses, shops, and worse, men in hundreds all moving around him, combined with a thundering, roaring din, cabs dashing by, noisily rattling over large stones.

The man recognized this place, with its immense yard. It was the railway station, and his heart began to throb painfully with excitement. It would help him to get away from these crowds of men, take him to the beautiful, blessed, glorious country, where he could be alone and at rest.

For some time he watched others passing the pigeon holes and taking their tickets, before he could summon sufficient courage to follow their example, thrugh he had really no cause for alarm he could easily pay any fare, however exorbitant, for he had plenty of money in his pockets. He laid a coin on the slab and waited.

"Place?" sharply demanded the ticket holder. "Place?" he repeated, still more sharply, while those waiting showed signs of impatience. Only one name seemed borne in upon the man's stupefied brain, which he uttered in a half-whisper.

"Wrong line," growled the ticket holder, and his money was tossed back, and he was pushed out by the on-comers. The Man put his hand to his head, and made his way slowly off from the station; after all, he could find his new land without the aid of a train.

By night he was quite worn out with exhaustion, but very happy. He had left the bustle of life behind, and was beginning to breathe the air of freedom. It had only come to him before in dreams, when waking and reality had driven him nearly mad with despair. He was not afraid to sleep now, for waking meant still greater liberty—so he slept.

Still streets, houses, and men everywhere, but the man cared less now; he was getting nearer to the country, where he intended to live.

He had dreamt of it so often, and he knew he should find it soon. Certain shops, too, were convenient. He could buy forgotten luxuries, and as many as he pleased, for he had plenty of money in his pockets.

His heart beat faster with every step. He was gaining confidence in himself, the beautiful spring air blew refreshingly against his burning forehead; very soon would come the realization of his hopes.

Passing a shop, he looked in and started violently—the man whose face he had recognized before was there again. He was being followed, dogged; he turned quickly, almost wild with terror. There was no one there, yet in the glass he saw him—he moved when he moved, he repeated every action, every gesture.

Horrified, amazed, alarmed, he stared fixedly at the wretched-looking object facing him; stared till he was convinced of the awful truth that the man was a reflection, and his own.

A cry of unspeakable anguish burst from him; and he clasped both hands against his head, for it was filled with shooting pains, and seemed on fire.

A butcher passing asked it anything was the matter; but the man made no reply; he hurried on, sobs tearing his chest, with head bent still lower—on, mile after mile, till, panting, he leant against a wall, utterly worn out.

In time he became less agitated, and tried to reason with himself. What did his appearance matter? He was going far away from the haunts of men to live by himself, in a land of birds and flowers: no one would see him there.

He had not seen himself for ten years, and never would again; then he would forget what he was now, and only remember himself as he once had been. So hope returned, and the Man walked on.

The dream was realized, the ideal place found—as he had been sure he should at last find it—and he was almost wild with joy.

Around him stretched miles of unbroken country; fields yellow with buttercups, red with trifolium, and pink with clover; a river glided peacefully along, its banks gay with cowslips and forget-me-nots; the air was sweet with varied perfumes, the silence only broken by the humming of insects and the voices of many birds.

The man stood in a delirium of delight—he thought it was heaven! Hour after hour he remained with the sun shining upon him—perfectly tranquil, perfectly silent, perfectly happy; he listened, entranced, to the song of the blackbird, and at hearing the cuckoo's voice he burst into tears of joy.

Liberty to a man ten years a prisoner! and the swallow—best emblem of that sacred word—performed its acrobatic feats over his head, and the May fly fluttered down to the river to end its brief existence; and the Man watched all, and gazed with rapture from the deep blue sky to the deep blue river, from the refreshing green of the fields to the brilliant emerald-green of the dragon-flies.

He was in a region of bliss; he opened his mouth to drink in the pure sweet air, and, stooping down, played with the sparkling water.

Then his heart gave a bound, for a large trout made a swift dart, forming the water into an arrow by its flight. At that moment a finch piped out "Black gnat! black gnat!" and whenever after he watched the handsome spotted trout, some little bird always cried "Black gnat!" till he repeated it himself, but never saw the connection between the two.

A gentle plash of oars made him rise tremblingly to his feet and look hastily for a hiding place, for a man was passing in a boat.

He tried to reassure himself by remembering that the same law that had condemned him to a living death had now pronounced him to be free. He was no longer Twenty-seven; he was—but he had forgotten that.

The shock had tried the Man, and he was weary with long walking; he lay down and slept till the stars came out, and the beautiful moon threw her silver beams over a sleeping land.

The Man dared not raise his eyes to meet those of his fellow-creatures; but he gazed fearlessly into the starry firmament at the brilliant constellations that lived in the land of God.

Some indistinct recollections of childhood came over him of having once told those stars to twinkle. He could not remember what he had said, only a few notes of music seemed to play in his head.

It did not matter, for the stars understood, and twinkled in the friendliest manner, and the music grew louder and more harmonious, till it became a cradle song and hushed him to sleep. He awoke with a start and sat up, gazing round with wild, terrified eyes; there was nothing to fear, it was only a dream.

He was not Twenty-seven again, he was—free. Was that the name he used to be called? He thought not, but it would do; there was no cause for alarm. It was quite light, and a nightingale was singing its solitary song in a wood close by.

He hid down again and listened, the pale moonbeams lighting up his still, pale face. At one time it would have been his duty to tell people not to allow the Queen of the Night to shine upon their sleeping eyes, but he had forgotten all that lore now.

The Man found fresh joys on the morrow, and fresh cause for thankfulness. In following a rippling stream he had come upon a lonely water mill, and the miller, an old man as crusty as the bread he made, daily supplied him with loaves and every other necessity he required in exchange for shining coins.

The miller asked no questions of the strange, tall, bent man with awkward gait and suspiciously-cut hair—a man, too, whose eyes he never met; it paid him better to suppress his curiosity, for the Man's custom was worth something, for he knew little of the va ue of money, and he had evidently plenty in his pockets.

From all other fellow creatures the Man shrank away with painful timidity, even from little girls whom he saw occasionally tripping through the fields on their way for milk; but the birds, animals, insects, and flowers were his friends, and amongst them he was supremely happy.

Even the rabbits seemed conscious that they had no enemy to fear in him, and the squirrels gambolled and chased one another, perfectly unconcerned at his presence. So amusing were their antics that once, in watching them, he laughed aloud.

He had not laughed for over ten years, and it sounded so weird and discordant that it frightened even himself, and the squirrels fled to their tree. Tiny rabbits frisked merrily in the fields.

They, too, interested him—their happiness would be short-lived, for when the leaves fell from the trees they would be marked for doom. It was very merciful, after all. Why had not men shot him, instead of condemning him to a perpetual living death? Why were they so much more merciful to rabbits? Was it because of their diminutive size?

He tried not to think of that living death—it brought back such dreadful horror, such agonizing fear, it made him want to hide in the woods, and he had been growing braver. He did not start now at the fall of a leaf: he must and would drive these thoughts away.

It seemed very probable that they would be driven, for a fresh interest was aroused for the Man; he could not remember the common names of the wild flowers around him, but the Latin ones gradually returned to him, and he remembered—could it be possible!—the various parts of a flower's anatomy. Scarcely able to believe this true, he dissected a buttercup with shaking fingers, and then slowly and distinctly repeated them.

The veil was lifting from his darkened mind. He flung himself down, and passionately kissed the foliage in an ecstasy of happiness at the thought of the new world suddenly opened under his feet. Was it a new world, or was it not rather the old, old one, that he had left so many years ago that the memory of it had become obliterated?

With trembling, almost painful, eagerness he again slowly repeated the returned knowledge. He dared not force his memory, for the hammers in his head began to beat the words, "Twenty-seven, Twenty-seven," till he was nearly mad; but he contented himself by searching for fresh flowers and collecting fungi from trees, and whenever the names did return, they were always in Latin.

If this new, delightful life had not been going to last forever, the Man feared he should not have time to get through all the work he had to do in dissecting the leaves and flowers around him, and giving them their proper names.

What glorious expeditions he went!—over hill and through dale, climbing trees and fences, and searching woods. He flung his arms above his head and cried aloud with dell, he, and would have run from exuberance of joy—but to run was difficult, because of an iron weight that always dragged back one leg.

The birds and insects talked to him by day, and the twinkling stars helped him at night; for they were his friends, and he gave them names, and it strengthened his memory to call them over every night. The moon also must have helped him with Latin, for once he woke up and repeated a Latin hexameter.

Oh, glorious, glorious life! What a divine resurrection from death, and to know it was to continue for all eternity!

* * * *

Two officers came one morning upon a man who, in great anger, was endeavoring to break to pieces a trap, while at his feet lay a dead leveret with a mangled limb; they very promptly and naturally laid hands upon him, paying no attention to the confused explanation he tried to offer.

He went with them quietly, showing no great fear until they met the village constable; but when that functionary dexterously slipped, for greater safety, handcuffs on his wrists, he uttered a scream so wild and agonizing, that the three rural men, unused to scenes of horror, thought that it would ring for ever in their ears.

The magistrate, a thorough sportsman, regarded a forger with far greater tolerance than this strange person, who could not raise his eyes, and did not remember his own name. He passed no sentence, but remanded him to see the divisional surgeon.

"He is mad," was that gentleman's opinion, and all thought he had reason for his statement when the Man threw himself upon his knees and prayed wildly to be allowed to return to the new world he had found, where all the birds and bowers were his friends, and the stars and moon talked Latin at night.

"Hopelessly mad," said the divisional surgeon, with which verdict there were none to disagree.

* * * * *

"Poor Number Twenty-seven," said the prison doctor, when he heard the news. "His liberty has proved too much for him; he had better have stayed with us. The proper place for a madman is between four strong walls."

And a proper place of that kind was soon found for the Man. One of those

grand national asylums, where even paupers have the greatest medical attention, and, of course, every comfort, as it is paid for out of the public purse—which was especially fortunate in this case, for the Man's pockets were empty now.

CONCERNING NIHILISM.

It would be interesting to trace the factors in the change which has taken place in Russia since the days of Ivan the Terrible, whose persecution of his subjects was taken as the will of God. He was their "Little Father."

When he chose to consign them to prison, torture and death; when he had the head of the Russian Church strangled and hundreds of priests flogged to death at Novgorod; when he had thousands of his subjects scourged and tortured to death, not a single hand was raised to hinder or avenge these outrages, though they went on for forty years. The people believed that all who suffered patiently and humbly whatever the Tsar chose to inflict upon them, would be recompensed with eternal bliss.

Abject submission to the Tsar was the sacred ideal, which had been held before them from their earliest youth. When Prince Kepnin, after being impaled, was dying a slow death of most frightful agony, he sang hymns in honor of the Tsar, his master and murderer.

But times change. Peter the Great's subjects were by no means so submissive. His reforms provoked several outbreaks of open rebellion.

One of the most extraordinary of his innovations was that against the beards of his subjects. In 1705, fashion had condemned the beard in every other country in Europe, and had banished it from civilized society. But this made the Russians cling more tenaciously to their ancient ornament, as a mark to distinguish them from foreigners, whom they hated. Peter, however, resolved that they should be shaven.

His flat went forth: not only the army, but all ranks of citizens, from the nobles to the serfs, should go beardless; or, if they still insisted upon wearing a beard, should pay dearly for the privilege.

A certain time was given, so that persons might get over their first repugnance to the order; after which every man who chose to retain his beard was to pay a tax of one hundred roubles. The priests and the serfs, however, were put on a lower footing, and were allowed to retain theirs upon payment of a kopeck every time they passed the gate of a city.

Peter's subjects did not submit humbly, as those of Ivan had been wont to do. Great discontent prevailed, and thousands had the will, but lacked the courage, to revolt.

The Tsar was not a man to be trifled with, and though the murmurs were both loud and deep the majority thought it wiser to cut off their beards, rather than to run the risk of incensing a ruler who would make no scruple about cutting off their heads.

For many years a considerable revenue was derived from those who still clung to their beloved beards. The collectors of the beard-tax gave in receipt for its payment a small copper coin, struck expressly for the purpose.

On one side it bore the resemblance of a nose, a mouth, and moustaches, with a long bushy beard, surmounted by the Russian words for "money received," the whole encircled by a wreath and stamped with the Black Eagle of Russia.

On the other side it bore the date of the year. Every man who chose to wear a beard was obliged to produce this receipt on his entry into a town. Those who were refractory and refused to pay the tax were thrown into prison.

Times have changed. It is no longer the Tsar who arbitrarily interferes with the facial ornamentation of his subjects; yet, if some of the Russian writers of the present day are to be believed, despotism is as rife as ever in the land. It is the officials now who use the power entrusted to them to despotically and habitually abuse their authority. The Tsar is ignorant of much of the injustice that is enacted in his name.

When in 1893 the closing of a church near the Prussian frontier, caused some rioting among the peasants, a detachment of Cossacks was called in. They not only rode down the peasants, killing eight of them and wounding forty-two, they also abused fifteen married women and girls. It needed scarcely be said that only the wretched peasants were put on trial, the Cossacks not being indicted for their inhuman conduct.

A number of the former were sentenced to periods of imprisonment varying from four months' to ten years' hard labor. The rest were acquitted.

Is it any wonder when such occurrences as this take place, that Nihilism should up-rear its head, and throw its baleful shadow over the land?

However, from whatever cause Nihilism has been evolved, it is certain that it is rife, and what is more it pervades all classes. Students in the universities, members of the ministry, orthodox priests, court officials, no less than professors of various sciences, scions of the highest families, fashionable dressmakers and their assistants, peasants, factory hands and aristocrats have been arrested as members of the widespread organization, calling itself "The Friends of Political Liberty," but which the police call Nihilists, Anarchists and Terrorists.

One curious fact is the number of women and girls who have embarked in the "cause," and these have belonged to all ranks, from the dainty aristocrat to the poor factory girl.

The despotism in Russia, even under the present Tsar Nicholas II., enlightened and liberal though he be in his ideas, is almost incredible to those who live in a free country and with a free press.

A autocrat of all the Russias though he be, the young Tsar has shown that he has a feeling heart in his bosom and it is safe to infer that many of the acts of cruelty and oppression in his land are the work of officials who have their own base objects to serve, be it revenge or avarice, and who pursue their course with little regard to truth and justice, and still less to humanity.

Yet that Nicholas II. is looking personally into matters concerning the criminals in his dominions, appears to be evidenced by the Ukase that has lately been published concerning the unfortunate wretches condemned to Siberia. By this order the Emperor provides that they shall be conveyed by rail instead of having to walk the whole distance which took close upon a hundred days.

The prisoners often had to wait years in the central prisons before being able to continue their journey. The sexes were crowded together indiscriminately, and many fell victims to infectious diseases. Happily now the worst horrors of the journey to Siberia will be things of the past, because of the new order.

MORE HARM THAN GOOD.

The man who goes about possessed with the idea that he is a champion life-saver ought to be chained up. He so often carries his zeal to excess that he makes himself a veritable nuisance, and for one life which he saves he is instrumental in losing, perhaps, two or three.

A youth home from school was teaching his little brother to swim in a canal. The youngster didn't shape very well, being naturally timid in the water for the first time, so his brother held him up at arm's length and told him to tread water.

Unfortunately, however, they were near a bridge over which a life-saving crank was passing; and he, thinking that the boys were drowning, threw off his coat and took a header.

Down he came fairly on the top of the younger lad, striking him in the eye with his outstretched hands. The boy screamed in agony, and his indignant brother, after getting him to the bank, found that his eyeball was torn and bleeding.

The result was that the eye had to be taken out, and the lad was never the same in health after that day.

Had the would-be hero only taken the trouble to warn the boys of his intention to give them the help which they did not require, instead of attempting to distinguish himself, the accident would never have occurred.

A lion tamer who lost his life some time since would probably have been giving entertainments to-day but for the interference of an over-zealous spectator.

The tamer, a colored man, had entered the cage, and after a few preliminary rounds had lashed up a large lion, which rose upon its hind legs as though about to spring.

Now this was part of the performance, but the king of beasts looked so dreadfully in earnest that the people thought it really meant mischief. A cry of "Save him!" was raised, and a smartly-dressed young man rushed at the cage door, opened it, and entered.

"Get back, you fool!" cried the trainer. "Can't you see you're exciting the lion?"

"I've come to help you," was the answer. "That brute may kill you."

Then the young man produced a pistol, fired point blank at the rearing lion, and hurriedly left the cage.

The shot missed, but the enraged lion at once sprang upon the tamer, felled him, and inflicted terrible injuries before the attendants could get him away. The black man stated on his deathbed that he had the lion thoroughly under control when the spectator interfered and used his pistol.

A tight-rope walker who was exhibiting her prowess in a northern circus had a feat on her programme which looked very dangerous to the spectators, though to her it was not half so difficult as some of her less showy tricks.

She started at one end of the wire, walked to the middle, and threw a somersault. After doing this once, she was so loudly applauded that she announced her intention of doing it again, though it would be a great strain upon her nerves, she said.

That encore cost her her life. She reached the middle as usual, and then, to heighten the impression that she was doing something very daring (she had no net beneath her), she began to wobble.

A man in the side circle, seeing this, felt certain she was about to fall, and rushed into the ring with outstretched arms.

"For pity's sake, miss," he yelled, "hold on a bit longer, and I'll catch you!"

Startled, the performer lost her nerve, and came down upon her head in the sawdust before her would-be rescuer could reach her.

Death from concussion of the brain occurred within two hours of the accident, which would not have happened but for the other's untimely interference.

MENTAL GROWTH OF CHILDREN.—Very often we read of cases where parents are deceived in the character of their children. The truth is, they grow up much faster than parents are aware.

While a mother innocently believes her little girl's mind is entirely occupied with her dolls and her pets, in reality the child is weaving romances in which some callow youth is the central figure, and herself the heroine.

She may fancy her boy is entirely engrossed with his marbles and his balls, but the lad himself has already determined his future career of renown in the pirate's or highwayman's fascinating profession.

It is a terrible revelation when a surreptitious flirtation with the telegraph messenger, or a midnight escapade, shows to plainly where the heart of the child is placed.

We know a case in which a boy of fifteen was charged with a crime, and finally confessed himself guilty. The surprise and agony of his mother were heartrending. "It cannot be," was her cry, "he is a little boy. Why, he is my baby. Every night he puts his arms around my neck and kisses me. It is not possible."

Had the boy actually been a babe in the cradle the mother would have been no more astonished. It is a fiction pleasing to the parents' hearts that their children are but children, too young to know or dream of any evil more heinous than childish peccadilloes. But it is a fiction fraught with grave perils. Every mother ought to know if her boy smokes. Yet we can point to a half-dozen boys who puff along the streets, whose mothers firmly believe them to be angels of light and would be indignantly incredulous if told the facts.

SCHEMES OF LIFE.—It is much easier to design than to perform. A man proposes his schemes of life in a state of abstraction and disengagement, exempt from the enticements of hope, the solicitations of affection, the importunities of appetite, or the depression of fear, and is in the same state as he that teaches upon the land the art of navigation, to whom the sea is always smooth and the wind always prosperous.

Nothing is more unjust, however common, than to charge with hypocrisy him that expresses zeal for those virtues which he neglects to practise; since he may be sincere, convinced of the advantages of conquering his passions, without having yet obtained the victory, as a man may be confident of the advantages of a voyage or a journey without having courage or industry to undertake it, and may honestly recommend to others those attempts which he himself neglects.

A CALIFORNIA temperance association limits the beverages of its members to wine, beer and cider, "except when laboring under a sense of discouragement, and then whiskey shall be allowed." They are said to be the most discouraged temperance people in the state.

Scientific and Useful.

RAILROAD NOISE.—To lessen, if not to abolish altogether, the noise of a train when crossing a bridge, a German engineer has devised a scheme which has proved surprisingly successful. He puts a decking of planks between the cross girders, and on the planks a double layer of felt is placed. In this way, any noise is prevented.

RUNNING AWAY.—In Russia a horse that is addicted to the habit of running away has a thin cord with a running noose around his neck at the neck-stray, and the end is tied to the dashboard. When a horse bolts, he always takes the bit in his teeth, and the skill of the driver is useless; but the moment the pressure of the cord comes on the windpipe the horse is conquered.

IVORY.—The ivory handles of knives or other ivory articles, when yellowed or discolored from age or other cause, should be thoroughly washed with water and finely powdered pumice stone, and then dried in the sun under glass. According to the condition of the ivory, the washing and exposure to the sun's bleaching influence should be repeated until it is white.

WORKS AUTOMATICALLY.—The man who either shuts the door with a bang or leaves it wide open may soon be unable to work havoc with people's nerves. Doors can now be opened and closed automatically by electricity, the circuit being closed and the doors opened by the pressure by the visitor's feet on the mat. After the visitor has passed through, the doors are shut by the same current, and left ready to open with the next visitor.

Farm and Garden.

BUTTER.—Good butter making begins as far back as the milking, if not farther. The process of milking must be cleanly if sweet butter is to be made. Fit a cover, with strainer at the bottom, to the milk pail and milk into this. This will keep out much floating dust, and will also assist in keeping the milk closed to odors while it has to remain in the stable.

RATS.—A correspondent suggests a method of getting rid of these pests, that has the advantage of having been most successful in his own case. It is to fill their holes with chloride of lime and oxalic acid; when a violent disengagement of chlorine takes place, their holes are filled with this gas, and they are suffocated.

WAGON SEATS.—The seats to farm wagons and wagon boxes on runners are usually springless and very hard. To ride under such conditions is almost as wearying as walking. Make a seat after this fashion. Two boards are separated at the corners by stout furniture springs—the stoutest that are used. This can then be laid onto a seat in place of a cushion, or may form the seat by being laid across the top of the wagon box. In this case it should have a cleat on the under side at either end.

Dr. D. Jayne & Son.—Accept my very warm thanks for your generous donation of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. You can have no idea of how much misery I am able to relieve by means of it.—(Rev.) C. A. R. JANVIER, Presbyterian Mission, Fatehgarth, India, Aug. 21, 1894.

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Of Day-Dreams.

Dull people not infrequently grow irritated when one mentions day-dreams. Time spent on pleasing fancies is lost, they think; it ought to be all given up to steady work, for life is like a railway journey, panting up hill and down dale without stoppage. The weaving of a fanciful web of fate, that unravels as fast as it is shaped, is a thankless task, they hold, that will be undertaken only by persons deserving of profound pity; and, for their part, they would, if they could, abolish all such loitering unproductive whims, as they would chase away ghosts, superstitions, and other queer intruders.

When the humdrum rounds of duty grow tiresome, what better alleviation can be named than an excursion into the fields of fancy? The hard and jagged realities of life are softened by imagination; an atmosphere of romance is thrown around them; we remember how past happinesses have been the fulfilled hope of some former tale that we had told to ourselves while in a dreaming mood. And why may not the cheerful pleasures with which we daily to-day be realized also? Probably the greater part of every life has been made up in fancy before it actually happened. It is the holiday which matches our anticipation of it that we most richly enjoy. The fulfilment of the love-story that has long been bemused is better than all the snap-chance romances of love at first sight. It may be that, if we project ourselves into the future and imagine pleasant things as happening, we may hit the mark; or, if we miss, the exercise will not have been wholly unprofitable. Why should we not have the delight of marshalling and organizing our vague hopes until they make up the pictures that we should like to see reproduced in our little section of the world? Let who will cavil at an occasional lapse into day-dreaming, we hold that it alleviates care and enhances happiness.

It is only when life is played out and we are quite "disillusionized" that we fail to cultivate day-dreams. The man who has no hope left, who has ceased to care for the unexpected, can only eke out a vegetable existence. He has reached the stage into which the ancient philosopher had passed who said that life was not worth the trouble it involved, and who, when asked why he did not end it, replied that the difference was so small that the change was not worth the trouble it would cost. But so long as we keep speculation fresh in our eyes, and can cheerfully try to mix the ingredients of the future for ourselves and our friends, we are not old. Childhood lives almost wholly in dreams; it uses up all its little experience in fresh combinations of adventure; what it fancies is a hundredfold more than what it does. But it is in youth and early manhood that the day-dream has undisputed sway. The youth or lass who is well on in the teens has had enough dealings with the world, either through books or through life, to provide materials for fancy, though probably they have not had enough experience to tone down exaggerations. The colors are all there; but they will be put gaudily upon the canvas. The youth who does not build castles in the air can hardly be expected to achieve distinction, for we are moulded after the fashion of the imaginings that we cherish. The lad who begins to study the law with the firm belief that he will attain to a seat on the supreme bench will probably be disappointed; but the chances are that he will get a good deal farther along the road than the lad who never bothered to fancy himself a notable personage. Ah, if we could only get behind the modest veil with which the young folk hide their aspirations, what a sight we should see!

The world's choicest spirits have been day-dreamers who have lingered tenderly over the glories that may be revealed in man. What thinker has ever moved his fellows to notable deeds who has not urged them on to the attempted realization of some beautiful scheme built up in his fancy? It is the idle musers who shake the world. And it is they who live. Think you that the men who raise monuments to themselves in the form of great works or great inventions will live, any more than the builders of the pyramids have lived, or the inventors of letters? They will not live as long as some of the dreamers who did nothing except weave charming fancies and put them into graceful words.

They are happy who can keep the gloss of imagination unimpaired to the end; and some can do it. There are cases in which the love-dreams of youth are preserved in spite of all appearances being against them. Occasionally one meets a woman who, having woven a romance around the man she loved, goes on believing that he is what she thought him, though every one else knows him to be quite another being. These cases of day-dreaming about character and the persistence in a mistake are but few. The commoner case is that of the men or women who, having given reins to fancy and painted for themselves in all the pretty pigments that the mind can supply a picture of some one they loved, find out too late that the likeness is far too favorable.

It is not that the husband is not what he was when he was a lover—the fact is he never was what the warm imagination of the wife portrayed, and never pretended to such lustre—but the discovery of the mistake, as the years show the seams in the once flawless character, is not the less painful to the wife. She is hurt by her overdone affection.

Day-dreaming about character is a snare; it is an attempt to believe people are what we would have them be, and retribution follows the misconception. But, as regards incidents in life and the ebb and flow of circumstance, why should we not sometimes have a little latitude and be allowed to bend the future to our will in thought if we cannot do so in fact? Why may we not tell tales to ourselves as well as read them when they are produced by other minds? They may be told so as to be an encouragement and stimulus if sanely conceived. We know a man who boasts that he never imagined any change in his life, not even a holiday, without its coming to pass. His day-dreams were prophecies. But he was a modest man and a sensible, without extravagance even in dreams.

LABOR does not make the whole of life, and there are some things the value and beauty of which would be diminished and even spoiled by the very presence of difficulty. All friendship and love are of this character. Their spontaneity is their chief element, without which they are well-nigh worthless. If they are not delightful, they are nothing. The mother who regards her labors for her children as a toilsome burden knows but little of true maternal affection. The man who finds his relations with his friend difficult and onerous has never tasted the sweets of true friendship. Kind and benevolent actions would lose all their grace and charm if they were seen to be painful and difficult tasks. The physical functions are no longer perfect when they can be carried on only with difficulty. The air, the water, the sunshine, the green fields, the high hills, all give the impression of power with repose. Were they to show strain and struggle, their beauty and their charm would be gone.

HUMAN nature requires a certain modicum of pleasurable excitement, and there are monotonous and uninteresting lives which suffer from the lack of it; but it also demands for its healthy continuance a certain period when excitement is banished and a quiet and restful serenity takes possession. If we fail to secure this, both our health and powers are endangered. The home evenings, when parents and children grow intimate, when confidences are exchanged and affection is nourished, when tranquil happiness brings that rest of the brain which is the best preparation for calm and unbroken sleep, are growing all too rare.

VIRTUE is manhood, essential, inherent, complete manliness—not to the exclusion of womanhood, for the thought is simply of the human being in its highest type, created in the unity of its dualness and in the twofoldness of its unity. And virtue is the flower and fruit, the culmination, the completion, the crown of human nature at its best and highest.

EXCELLENT people sometimes regret that there are so many differences of opinion upon a single subject. If all were agreed, they say, how smoothly and harmoniously might all work together for the general good! They forget that, were this possible, there would be no consensus of truth, no gathering together of its many features, on comparison of its many aspects.

REAL friends are very scarce—a fact one may not find out until in trouble and in need of a friend. Then, in nine cases out of ten, one makes the painful discovery that most acquaintances are friends only while matters are flourishing with us.

A MAN who despairs of pleasing will never please; a man who is sure that he will always please wherever he goes is a coxcomb; but the man who hopes and endeavors to please, and believes that he may, will most infallibly please.

THE consideration of death may often greatly conduce to the sanctification of life. If no thought is given to death, there is no likelihood that our aims and pursuits in life will be directed to the highest and noblest ends.

WE miss the best chances for doing good by fixing dates. The commonest days may be made immortal to us and to others by fidelity to every passing moment.

Correspondence.

EDWARD.—A slight bow is all that courtesy requires after an introduction. Shaking hands is optional, and it should rest with the older or the superior in social standing to make the advances.

BIKE.—The system of road-making known as "Macadamising" was invented by Mr. John Macadam a Scotchman and published by him in an essay in 1819, having practised it in Ayrshire. He prescribed stones to be broken to six ounces weight, and the use of clean flints and granite clippings.

C. J. B.—The reference is to the Catholic Church. Macaulay says: "She may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." This was a favorite simile with that writer.

E. H. H.—1. Dynamite is finely pulverized sand, or earth (most frequently the last), saturated with about three times its weight of nitro-glycerine, and constituting a mass resembling damp flour. 2. When mixed with nitric and sulphuric acid, glycerine becomes, like dynamite, of which it forms a part, a terribly explosive compound.

P. P. N.—The fire-arms carried by cowboys or herders consist usually of a Winchester repeating rifle and a brace of six-shooters. With the addition of a supply of cartridges, and a suitable belt for carrying them, you will be fully equipped, offensively and defensively. The rest of the outfit can be procured from your employer.

L. B.—South American States are not as favorable for business as the United States. A young man with a little capital can do better in any thriving western town or city where he understands the people and the language than he can in a strange country where he has to deal with a people who are foreign to him in their language, race, manners, customs and tastes. Unless you know a little Spanish and have favorable offers, we would not advise you to go to South America.

B. T.—When mending indiarubber overshoes, observe the following rules: First rub the patch and the edges of the cut or tear with sharp sandpaper; then with a stick or brush smear both with liquid rubber (obtainable at an indiarubber warehouse, or made by dissolving unvulcanised rubber in warm spirits of turpentine, chlororom or benzole) four or five times, letting each coat dry before applying another. Do this once more, and before the surfaces dry, apply the patch, with the pressure of a flat-iron or any handy article.

K. N. C.—The Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and Breton languages are all varieties of the Celtic. "Hibernian," as applied to a native of Ireland, is not "slang" at all. Hibernia was the Latin name of Ireland, by which it is still called, occasionally, in poetry. And the term Hibernian—meaning, as an adjective, pertaining to the Irish or Ireland—is derived from the Latin Hibernia. A "Hibernianism" is an idiom or mode of speech peculiar to the Irish. In the same way we speak of a Spanish idiom as a "Hispanism," because Spain was called Hispania in Latin.

L. D. W.—Christopher Columbus died May 20, 1506, at Valladolid, Spain. For seven years his remains lay unnoticed in a convent in that city, when Ferdinand King of Spain, feeling ashamed of the neglect, had them removed to a monastery in Seville, and erected a monument to his memory, on which the words "To Castile and Leon, Columbus gave a New World," were inscribed in Spanish. He died in the belief that the continent he had discovered was Asia. He remains were conveyed, with those of his son, Diego, in 1536, to Santo Domingo, where they were deposited in the cathedral, and there they yet remain.

V. C. N.—The virus used in vaccination is taken directly or indirectly from cows afflicted with the disease known as cow-pox. Noted physicians hold that this lymph should always, if practicable, be passed direct from arm to arm, and preserved lymph should only be had recourse to when a vaccinated child cannot be obtained. A good vesicle freely punctured on its surface exudes enough vaccine matter for the direct vaccination of five or six children, and for charging six or eight ivory points for future emergencies. The child from whom it is thus taken should be perfectly healthy, as otherwise any disease with which it is afflicted may be thus communicated. Physicians usually keep a supply of the virus, dried on the delicate surfaces of ivory called "points," or in a fluid state in little tubes prepared especially for the purpose.

DAISY.—Every gem has an old superstition connected with it, and very unreliable; but that connecting "misfortune with the wearing of the opal," is only one of modern innovation. It was in ancient times called "the child of love," and was believed to bring "joy of heart to the wearer by rendering him, or her, lovable." Do not trouble your mind about such fables, they are only interesting in a historical and antiquarian sense. An ill fame seems to have been attached to the great Koh-i-Noor diamond, in the possession of Queen Victoria but the Governor of Borneo once offered $500,000, two war-brigs equipped for service and numbers of cannon, for the famous stone and all this was refused by the Rajah, on the plea that the fortunes of his family were dependent on or connected with it, and that "the water in which it was dipped cured all diseases."

ROSE AND RUE.

BY M. E. S.

O dear dead days whose joys I knew
Ere red rose-blooms were changed to rue!
O Summer hours that fleeted past!
O bright sweet dreams too fair to last!
All—all have vanished far from me,
Like shadows on the changing sea!

The dreams of by-gone sunny hours
Seem ling'ring in the scented flow'rs.
O love, lost love, I hear again
Your song that bore a sad refrain—
The words you sang were true, so true—
"The rose-blooms ever near the rue!"

For me the Summer's joys are dead,
The Summer roses' beauty fled.
I often wonder have the years
With you been linked with smiles or tears,
If on the path of Life for you
The red rose-blooms have changed to rue!

Sister and Cousin.

BY L. B.

As Nellie Graham came hurriedly into the station, a scene of confusion and bustle met her gaze. The long express stood ready for departure, and at nearly every window were a small knot of people talking eagerly. She looked rather helplessly about her, then turned imploringly to her maid:

"Don't you see them anywhere?" she said.

"No," answered the girl slowly; then, "yes," she added, "I see them at the far end of the platform, and here is Mr. James coming to meet you."

Nellie's face cleared as her cousin came in sight, and together they made their way down the crowded platform. Many people turned to look at them as they passed; he, tall and comely, with a frank, boyish face, and she beautiful with a beauty that could not be disguised by the thick veil she wore.

For one moment as she passed the mother, who, with an aching heart, was saying good-bye to her best-loved son, forgot her misery, and, "Look, Charlie," she said, "what a lovely girl!" and the husband who was preaching patience to his young wife before starting to seek his fortune in the far-away gold fields hesitated for a moment and forgot what he was saying.

The young people passed through their midst without giving many thoughts to the people that were standing about, and soon reached a little group.

"You are rather late, dear," said a kind, motherly-looking lady. "We were afraid something had happened.

"Oh, no," answered the girl, laughing, "only my natural stupidity. I told you, that as you could not call for me, I should most probably be lost between the hotel and station."

"And were you?" asked one of her cousins.

"Yes; to tell you the truth it was not the cabman's fault. I told him the wrong station, and we were nearly there before I remembered, and now, Jim, I declare I have left my hat-box in the cab."

"Jim, run!" said his mother.

The hat-box was rescued, and in a few minutes the train started. Mrs. Mordaunt was on her way to South Africa to visit a married daughter, whose husband was farming on the Karroo, as the young wife had been delicate and the clear African air was supposed to be the best chance of regaining her health. Geraldine Mordaunt, a handsome girl of twenty-five, was going with her mother, also Nellie Graham, a rich orphan niece of Mr. Mordaunt's; the rest of the party were only going as far as the ship.

If the bustle at the station appeared appalling to Nellie, the ship seemed far worse; the crowd of passengers, the number of friends saying good-bye, the stewards and telegraph boys running hither and thither, and the piles of luggage, all seemed to make matters one hideous confusion.

At last the warning bell was rung, and her cousins had to hurry off the ship. It is always the worst part of a farewell, that gradual separation by a wide sea; at first the passing remarks tossed back from quay to ship, then the gradual silence as the distance increases and the voices will not carry, then the hurrying figures rushing to the nearest point for the last farewell wave, and at last there is nothing left but to watch the specks of humanity, till even they are swallowed up in their surroundings.

Geraldine gave a little sigh as her brothers and sisters were lost to sight, and she turned from the side of the vessel. Standing by her was one of the officers who had watched Nellie's progress down the platform. "Well, Miss Geraldine," he said, "the long talked-of voyage has really begun. Are you a good sailor?"

"Excellent," she answered, "and so is my cousin. I must introduce you. Captain Vincent—Miss Graham." Nellie bowed.

"The introduction has taken place at an opportune moment," she said. "While I was waving good-bye to my friends, that little man," pointing to a distant figure, "has wedged me in with his bundles and boxes, and I cannot get out; perhaps you will move one for me. No, not that one," as he came quickly to her side. "There is something alive in it; I hear it squeaking."

Geraldine laughed. "Nellie, how can you be so silly? It cannot do any harm if it is in a box."

"It might bite through the bars; see," triumphantly, "there are two white rats. I knew there was something living in there."

"But I will move it all the same," said Captain Vincent. "Fortunately, I am not at all frightened at rats."

Captain Vincent was a friend of the Mordaunts; for the last three years he had been quartered at the town some four miles from their home, and had seen a great deal of the family.

When his regiment had left and gone to the Cape, he had been on leave, and he was going back to Cape Town. Geraldine and he had always been great friends, and it was with a light heart she went down to arrange her cabin, thinking what a cheery party they should be on board.

It was arranged that Captain Vincent and his two friends should sit at their table, and they all intended to have a really pleasant time.

And they certainly did; everything was in their favor; the weather was perfect, day after day of cloudless blue sky, long, happy days spent lounging in their chairs talking and laughing, of ball matches, sports, dances, everything to make life pleasant and happy to a party determined to enjoy themselves, and kind Mrs. Mordaunt looked after them all in her motherly way, not fretting them with close supervision, but her loving interest in all their doings only made them eager and ready to return to her side and tell her all they were about. "The nicest lady in the ship," as some man said to Geraldine, who at the first opportunity repeated the remark with pride to her mother.

Nellie was the life of the party, she was one of those girls who are born to reign; a mixture of haughtiness and gentle lovingness, quick and bright to a degree, full of fun, and always ready with the right word; the sea air and fresh winds only deepened her skin to a darker tint, the delicate coloring in her cheeks remained the same, her brown eyes and wavy hair completing the picture to perfection.

One evening Geraldine was playing on the piano with Captain Dalrymple beside her when Nellie flew in.

"Geraldine," she cried, "let me play, that music is much too serious for a ship. Captain Dalrymple, will you play the Chopstick waltzes with me?"

"Would that I could, but I have no talent for music."

"Then Captain Vincent must."

"I also am no musician," was the answer.

"This is dreadful," said Nellie with mock severity. "What a pity your educations have been so neglected. Can none of you play even the bass."

At that moment a small man from the far end of the saloon came forward and said:

"Can I assist you, madame? I know it well." It was the man with the white rats. "Nellie's admirer," as they had christened him, because of the long admiring glances he cast at her.

Nellie blushed vividly, but she was a perfect lady, and "thank you," she said. He took the place beside her on the music bench, and began to play. He played well, but Nellie felt it a most trying ordeal, the dead silence in the saloon made her long to turn and look if her friends were smiling. At last it was over, and the little man left the room.

When he had disappeared they crowded up and began to chaff her.

"So," said Captain Dalrymple, "we have discovered talent. I will at once add the Chopsticks to the smoking concert."

"Don't," said Nellie imploringly.

"I really would not have thought it of you," he answered teasingly, "would you, Miss Mordaunt?"

"It was not my fault," said Nellie sharply, "and the man behaved like a perfect gentleman."

Captain Vincent watched her narrowly; he saw something was amiss, that the others did not notice in their kindly chaffing.

"Now we know," said her cousin laughing, "what kind of man Nellie considers a perfect gentleman."

Nellie rose abruptly from the piano, and went hastily from the room. Captain Dalrymple and her cousin looked at each other in amazement, but Captain Vincent, who had noticed the glistening of a tear, sauntered slowly till he was out of sight, and then hurried down the deck to where he saw a white figure leaning over the bulwarks.

"What do you want?" said Nellie in a subdued but fretful voice, as he gained her side.

"I am so sorry——" he began impetuously.

"That I was cross?" she concluded. "Yes, so am I."

"Nonsense," he said almost roughly. "You were not cross, you are unhappy—what is the matter?"

She glanced up, her long eyelashes glistening as the light fell on the tear that hung on each.

"I don't know," she said, "I feel miserable."

"I wish I could comfort you," he said simply. "I thought you seemed so cheery when you came in this evening."

Nellie smiled. "That was put on to disguise my real feelings." She never could be serious five minutes consecutively.

"But tell me," he persisted, "what is the matter? Why would you not allow us to joke you about that little man tonight?"

"I am sorry for him," she said; "he has lost his wife and I have lost my mother, so I feel for him."

"Miss Nellie," he answered, too surprised to notice her odd wording, "how do you know about his wife?"

"He told me this afternoon."

"I did not know he had ever spoken to you."

"No more he has before," she said, "but he sat down beside me to-day and said: 'I am glad you all seem so content together, some people's lives are miserable; mine is. I have lost my wife and home. I am going to a new country. Providence will provide.' It was funny, of course," she added, "the way he put it; he did not mention it Providence was to provide a home or a wife or both. I felt horrid noticing that, but I never can help seeing those sort of things. I told him I was sorry, then you see to-night he meant to be grateful I think, and you laughed. It was funny I admit, but it made me cross; you won't understand though," with a sigh.

"Yes, I do," he said, "perfectly; whoever a person is, and however he does it, one does not care to hear him laughed at when he has just confided his troubles to us. It jars somehow, but you must forgive us, Miss Nellie, how could we know?"

"Thank you," she said, "for understanding," and she gave him a grateful look from her dark eyes.

For one moment her pulses throbbed and his heart beat with unwonted energy, he glanced at the white figure, the muslin falling in soft folds on her white neck and rounded arms, and he seemed about to speak, then checked himself with a sigh.

"It is no good," he said to himself an hour later, as he stood in the same spot and gazed into the sea. "I am nothing to her, it would only push us further apart. I must try and have strength of mind to hold my tongue."

Each day that passed, Captain Vincent found it more and more difficult to hide his feelings from her, every moment he was with her he feared he should let her see what he felt, and that was just what he did not wish.

At last, in despair, he confided in Geraldine. One beautiful morning she was lying back in her long chair, there was no one near, and Captain Vincent seeing his opportunity, drew up his chair and sat down beside her.

"I am quite sorry," she said, "the voyage will be over in three days, I have enjoyed it so much; what a pity it can't last for another month."

"Nothing good ever lasts in this world," he said bitterly.

Geraldine looked at him in surprise, his answer seemed so unnecessarily earnest after her trivial remark.

"At least with me," he continued in a harsh voice, "the fates are against me," more lightly.

Geraldine lifted her sweet eyes to his face.

"Tell me," she said gently, "you are in trouble, what is it?"

"You know, I believe," he answered, "you must have seen how I love her."

"Nellie," Geraldine almost whispered, for the moment she could not say more; vaguely, and with fear, she recognized a painful tightening of her heart-strings, as his meaning had with too vivid distinctness reached her brain.

"Yes, Nellie, lovable Miss Nellie, as Dalrymple calls her. Would indeed that I had never seen her. No," hastily, "I don't mean that; not for all I possess would I give up the thought of this voyage, bitter as the memory of it will be. You do not speak," he added after a minute's pause, "can you give me no hope?"

"How inconsistent people are when they are in love," thought Geraldine, "one minute renouncing all, the next praying for hope. She does not care, I feel she does not care—what can I say?" then aloud: "Why do you say she does not care for you?"

He caught at the least straw.

"Do you think I might have a chance?" he asked eagerly.

"I have no reason for thinking she cares for you," she answered quietly, "but with a woman one can never tell, we are taught to disguise so much."

"Thank you, Geraldine," he said, "I knew I should be happier if I told you. I will speak to her," determinedly, "anything is better than this uncertainty."

After he had left, Geraldine lay back in her chair with her eyes closed—she felt tired suddenly. "I wonder," she thought dreamily, "if the martyrs of old were ever made to arrange their own faggots!"

* * * * * *

The night before they would reach Cape Town had arrived, and they were going to celebrate it by tableaux, and a supper party afterwards. Geraldine and Captain Vincent had arranged one tableaux, "Pygmalion and Galatea." Captain Vincent a made splendid Pygmalion, his tall athletic figure and clear-cut features made him look in his draped costume a thorough Greek. Nellie was Galatea, Captain Dalrymple was Cræsus, and Geraldine had chosen the part of Cynisca, the jealous wife. The first three scenes were over.

Cræsus had finished his bargaining for the statue, and on the stage were Pygmalion and Galatea alone. As the curtain went up there was a subdued murmur of applause.

Galatea looked lovely in her soft white draperies, calm and immovable, her soft hair bound with white, here and there a lock had escaped and fell in a little ringlet on her neck or forehead, her lovely eyes gazed serenely at the figure of Pygmalion, who, with outstretched arms, and eyes riveted on her face, seemed almost impelling her to leave her pedestal and come to his sheltering arms.

Geraldine looked earnestly at him, and shuddered slightly as she heard a voice the other side of the curtain say, almost in a whisper. "Looks as if he meant it." Mean it! Of course he did; did not she know what the unspoken words were that verily she believed he found it almost impossible to keep from saying at that moment, tableau or no tableau?

"Quick, Geraldine," said Nellie's voice, a minute later, "it is the jealous scene, you must make yourself look jealous, though I don't believe you know how."

"Oh, Nellie, I can't do it," she said.

"Do what?" said Nellie surprised. "What is the matter, Geraldine?"

"Nothing," she answered, "I have a headache. Of course I will take my part. I was not thinking what I was saying."

"Poor dear," said Nellie, "it is nearly over."

"Is it?" thought Geraldine, "or just beginning, I wonder which?"

"No, Geraldine," said Nellie, when the tableaux ended, "you weren't good in the jealous scene; you were feeling ill, so you must be forgiven, but you looked much more as if you were saying to Pygmalion, 'Take her with my blessing.'"

"Miss Graham," said Captain Vincent suddenly, "come up on deck, it is so hot down here."

"What, like this? and you look so respectable now you are back in evening dress again."

"Yes, just like that," he answered; "put on this white shawl and come."

"Are you coming, Geraldine?" she asked, as she turned obediently to follow Captain Vincent.

"No, thanks, dear, I am too tired."

Alone on the deck, with the dark water below, and the starry vault above, he told her the story of his love. "From the first moment I saw you," he concluded, "I think I knew my fate was

sealed. Nellie, speak to me, and tell me if there is any hope for me?"

No answer.

"Do you care for me, even a little?"

Still no answer.

"Answer me. I cannot bear this," he said, almost roughly.

Nellie lifted her head.

"Is it my fault?" she said. "What have I done?"

"There is no one to blame but myself," he said, still in the same harsh tone. "I knew it was hopeless, but I could not resist the temptation of hearing it from your own lips. So," taking her hands in his, "tell me plainly. I shall be fool enough to hope again, unless I can recall a decided answer to quench my hopes. Do you love me?"

"Don't," said Nellie in a whisper, "you frighten me. Let go my hand, I do not love you."

"I am a brute," he said, "can you ever forgive me? Frighten you," his voice taking a gentle tone, "I, who would give my heart's blood for you. Nell, dearest, you are crying. Can I ever forgive myself?"

She put her hands back gently in his.

"I am not frightened now," she said, "you could only be what is kind. I am sorry," brokenly, "I must have been to blame. Forgive me."

She looked so lovely in her soft Greek dress, her brown eyes dim with tears, that he made one more desperate effort for his happiness. He pleaded his love and devotion, he begged her to remember that love did not come to all people in a day, and that in time she might relent, but she stood silent through it all, and then:

"Forgive me," she said again, "but I cannot, I cannot. I should never make you happy," and then at last he let her go.

In tears she buried her face in her pillow that night, whilst he remained on deck, pacing up and down through the night, till the peace of the vast sky, spangled with the myriad stars, entered into his soul, and watching the first streaks of dawn illuminate the east, he took heart again and turned bravely to face his life, a more difficult task at some time of our lives than any grand heroic deed, done with the world's eye upon us.

There was not much opportunity for any connected conversation the next morning. The ship reached Cape Town early, and the day was spent principally over luggage and custom house.

It was with almost a sigh of relief that they waved farewell to the little group of their ship friends as the train started. Mrs. Mordaunt was tired and anxious to rest, and Geraldine and Nellie were both longing for a quiet time to think.

Next morning as the train slowly droned through the seemingly endless Karroo, Geraldine spoke to Nellie.

"I know, dear," she whispered to her, as Mrs. Mordaunt still lay asleep, "what Captain Vincent felt for you. He told me."

"Geraldine," said Nellie, slipping her hand into hers. "I am so unhappy."

"You have made a mistake," with a catch in her breath.

"No, dear, I do care for him in that way, but he is a good man, and I feel so wrong somehow. Why could I not care for him?" passionately.

With comforting words Geraldine soothed her as one would a child; by and by she fell asleep, and the train crept on to their destination. At their station they were met and drove for many miles over the Karroo until they reached a comfortable house built with a large stoop, from which you could see for nearly eighty miles to a range of mountains. At the back were a chain of hills, and to the east more hills.

A wide view; curious, but with a certain solemnity about it. Some people hated the desolateness, but to Geraldine there was a rugged grandeur about it that appealed to her from the first, and she settled down happily with her mother, sister, and brother-in law, on the farm. Nellie soon recovered her spirits, and was, as usual, the life of the party.

Of Captain Vincent they heard nothing; he had promised to write and propose a visit if he could get leave, but the time slipped on and no word came. At the end of four months Mrs. Mordaunt and Nellie turned their faces homewards, but Geraldine stayed on with her sister.

The latter was still very delicate, and it was decided that for the present Geraldine should live with her. Once after Nellie's return she mentioned Captain Vincent in a letter.

"He had come home," she said, "before they had, on sick leave; he had been very ill in Cape Town with typhoid fever. It made her miserable to see him, he seemed very unhappy and looked very ill, and she had begged him not to come again. P.S.—She wondered if she had been a fool."

After Geraldine's answer to that letter, his name was never mentioned between them, and the months slipped into years and still Geraldine remained in South Africa. At last three years had passed away, it was Christmas time and it had been decided that she should really return in April.

Mrs. Mordaunt had written that she wished her to return in the Spring. One evening, soon after, she drove into the nearest village, about five miles off, to fetch the letters. There was one for herself; she felt a faint surprise as she seldom received letters, except on the mail days, unless it was a bill, and this certainly was not a bill.

She opened it and read the signature, Maurice Vincent, with a start of surprise. It was a short note saying that since the typhoid he had had three years before, he had not been as strong as usual, so he had at last consented to take six months' leave, and winter in South Africa, that he was going North, but would much like to pay them a visit on the way, it seemed such a long time since he had seen either her or Mrs. Milman, and he concluded by saying he had written to the latter to know if she could put him up.

Geraldine suddenly felt a little glow of happiness. She mechanically stretched out her hand and picked up the other letter in the same handwriting, then replaced them both in the bag, locked it, and went back to the cart. All the way home she felt happy and light hearted, and hummed little merry tunes.

"Why am I so pleased?" she asked herself once. "Why should not I be?" she answered, almost defiantly, "why should I not be pleased to see an old friend? But I will not count too much on it, or something will prevent his coming. I will talk, that will stop my thinking."

"Marny," she said, turning to the Kaffir at her side, who rejoiced in the name of Marny Elephant, "would you not like to see England some day?"

"No, missus."

"Why not?" in a surprised voice.

"I know about England, missus, horrid town. January sneak his wife's money and go there. He come back soon, all horrid wet."

Geraldine's spirits rose.

"Marny," she said, "you don't know what you are talking about. England is a lovely country, lovely trees and rivers, quite beautiful. London is the town, so big, hundreds of streets, churches, and a river running through it."

"My!" said Elephant.

"Yes, it is a very large town," concluded Geraldine severely.

"Must be quite as big as Sandford West, missus," pointing to the village disappearing in the distance.

Geraldine laughed, and gave up in despair.

A week later Captain Vincent arrived. Geraldine heard the cart stop at the door, and went on to the stoop to meet him. Her first impression was that the three years had changed him a good deal; he looked older and rather delicate, but that was no doubt the result of his illness. His face lighted up as he saw her.

"Miss Geraldine," he said, "this is delightful. To see a friendly face again after all this traveling. How is your sister?"

"Better, thank you," she said. "Come in and have some tea."

That first talk was delightful, he had so much to tell, and she so much to hear; he had seen her people just before leaving, and there was all the home news for her to be told. It seemed strange to hear of Jim in his uniform, a full-blown subaltern, and Arthur, a younger brother, she had left a fifteen-year-old boy—at Oxford.

For the next month Geraldine and Captain Vincent were thrown a great deal together; Mrs. Milman was not strong enough for any great exertion, and her husband was busy most of the day about the farm. They made the most of their time, and many were the expeditions they went riding and driving.

Nellie's name was never mentioned between them until Christmas Day. It was a blazing day, 96° in the shade. After tea, it being a little cooler, Captain Vincent suggested they should go for a short ride. Mr. Milman said it was too hot, but Geraldine agreed to go. As they were riding over the veldt he asked her where her people were spending Christmas.

"They were alone at home, except for Nellie," she answered. She said her name without thinking, and then glanced quickly at him.

"I am glad she is with them for Christmas," he said quietly. "It is a sad thing to be alone this season of the year."

Geraldine fancied he was a little constrained in this manner, but before she could say anything further, the dogs were after a hare that had sprung up at their very feet. Urging their horses to a gallop, they followed after them. When they spoke again, the subject of Nellie was past and gone, and there was no opportunity of reviving it.

A few days later, coming in from a drive late one evening, Mrs. Milman told her the mail had come, and her letters had been put in her room. She went to fetch them, and noticed there were two or three letters from home, and one from Nellie, that was all.

The latter she kept to the last. It was a long letter, telling her much she wanted to know, but the last paragraph as she read filled her with a sense of some calamity overtaking her.

"Darling Geraldine," it ran, "I must tell you I am so unhappy. I am sure now I was a fool three years ago. Have you heard of Captain Vincent lately? I told you he had been to see me; I have never heard his name since then. Do find out where he is, and let me know; perhaps your mother knows, I am going to stay with her for Christmas, and will find out; but do write anyhow.

"Your loving cousin,

"NELLIE."

Geraldine put the letter in her pocket, there was no time for thought then, she must dress for dinner, she would think it all out quietly when she came to bed.

She was very gay to outward appearance all dinner time, she did not dare to stop talking, she knew if she did she would begin to think, and she must not do that yet.

After dinner Captain Vincent and Mr. Milman had a game of billiards, and she sat with her sister talking over their home, then she helped her to bed, and sat with her a little long. After that there was no further excuse, so she kissed her good night and with dragging steps, stared to go to her own room; she passed through the stoop on her way.

It was a lovely night, no moon, but brilliant starlight, the Southern Cross low on the horizon. Geraldine stopped and leant over the railing, and gazed into the shadowy garden below, the tall sunflowers standing like sentinels in the uncertain light.

Suddenly she heard a moment. She gave a slight start.

"Don't be frightened," said Captain Vincent's voice, "it is only I."

"I thought the stoop was deserted," she answered.

He came over to where she was, bringing her a low easy chair.

"It is a lovely night," she said.

"Yes, lovely," he answered dreamily, "look at the Southern Cross, it has never disappointed me."

"Nor me," said Geraldine softly. "It is curious to think of the first night I saw it on board. I was so pleased at the thought of seeing it at last, and now it seems such an old friend."

"I remember the evening perfectly; old friends are best, don't you think so, Geraldine?"

"We are old friends," she answered smiling.

"We are indeed old friends. Will you not be something more to me, dearest—will you be my wife?"

There was a moment's pause, and Geraldine's whole soul cried out a passionate "yes," but what could she say with Nellie's letter in her pocket? She must wait, she must have time to think.

"To-morrow I will answer you," she said, "give me time."

"I have startled you, dear. Yes, you shall tell me to-morrow."

She rose from her chair, and, with a hurried good-night, hastened into the house. Alone in her room, she flung the window wide open, and leant out into the hot night air.

There was hardly a breath stirring; for some minutes her thoughts came so rapidly they were quite disconnected. Why should she sacrifice her happiness to Nellie; why should she be called upon to bear this again. She had lived through it all before; no, she would not sacrifice herself.

Nellie had had her chance and thrown it away. She herself had done all she could to help her, she would never have grudged her her happiness then, but now it was too late—too late.

She would tell Captain Vincent tomorrow she loved him, she would not mention Nellie, there was no need to; and Nellie herself, she would write to her and tell her of her engagement; and she would laugh at her letter and pretend she thought it was a sentimental fancy, because she was dull, living in the depths of the country. Of course that was it, there was no need to pretend. Why should Nellie begin suddenly to care for a man she had not seen for three years?

It was preposterous. Then her conscience began to smite her. Perhaps she had cared ever since the time she had seen him in England. She remembered the postscript, "I wonder if I have been a fool." Poor little Nell, poor pretty Nell.

Why had she thrown away such happiness when it was within her grasp? Nell cared for Maurice Vincent and he cared for her, that was the naked truth; he had an affection for herself, but if he knew Nell cared for him he would go to her at once, or stay by her, Geraldine's side, only for honor's sake. What a horrible thought.

Fancy, if she married him, there is a secret she must keep from him—that the desire of his heart would have been his, but that she, his wife, had denied it to him; that was what her love was worth. She flung her arms far out on the sill and gazed at the Southern Cross.

"Oh, my mercy help me," she cried, "To thine own self be true, thou canst not then be false to any man." The words run in her ears almost like an answer. What did this struggle mean? it must be between right and wrong, otherwise it would not be so fierce. And then the old thought returned, "If it had been three years ago, it would have been different."

She was quite prepared then, but to have the cup of happiness put to her lips again, and with her own hand dash it down—could she indeed? She rose up and paced the room up and down, stopping sometimes to take fresh comfort from the everlasting stars, till at last, wearied with her struggle she threw herself on her bed, her smile serene, her sleep as gentle as a child's, for the good had conquered, and her soul was at peace again.

The next morning Capt. Vincent followed her into the garden, not a word was said at first; then, "Geraldine," he said, "keep me in suspense no longer, give me my answer?" She was startled, there was a note of passion, in his voice she did not understand. "Tell me," he continued, "is it the memory of what happened three years ago that stands between us?"

Here was an opportunity she must not miss. "Yes," she almost whispered.

"Believe me, Geraldine—" he began.

But she broke in quickly and determinedly, "You love her best even now?"

"Geraldine," he said, as passionately as herself, "how dare you accuse me of such a thing—to come and offer one woman my love, when it belongs to another? What can you think of me?"

She answered more quickly, "I am sorry, I did not mean that, but let me try and explain, will you?"

He nodded assent.

"Well, listen; if at this moment Nellie came into this garden, and you knew if you spoke words of love to her, she would listen and love you, would you not wish to gain her side, would it not," her voice sinking to a whisper, "be only honor that kept you here?"

"No, a thousand times, no; I love you better than any one living. My whole desire is to hear your sweet lips says, 'I love you.' Nellie, dear little Nellie, is a dream of the past. I think she bewitched me—I loved her, but she would not have me, but that is all over and done with. She is a tender memory, that is all; you are the reality. Darling, come to me!"

And Geraldine's heart went forth in answer to his great love, and she felt at rest again. She had fought her fight loyally and truly, and had conquered. She had been willing to sacrifice all for truth and love, and lo! at the moment of her greatest misery, she was lifted almost above earth's troubles, into the sunshine of love itself.

And Neil, was she doomed to be one of the lonely ones of this world? No, for two years later she also stood at the altar beside a bronzed and handsome man, bearing a strong resemblance to Geraldine. "It is so nice," she confided to the latter, "having you really for a sister now, and Jim, I am sure, will be just as nice a husband as he was a cousin."

Both Converted.

BY E. A.

HOLLYFIELD was at its prettiest when Jessie Bourne came to live there. And the pretty young bride, standing on the rustic bridge that spanned the brook, looked up and drew a long sigh of contentment.

"Oh, Charlie, how beautiful this is!" she said softly. "How happy we shall be. Life will be like a beautiful dream."

Charlie Bourne whistled rather dubiously.

"Of course it will, my dear," said he. "And I'm glad you like the old place. But I rather think there'll be something to do besides read and row and sketch."

The next morning, when Jessie came down to breakfast in a white dress, with cherry ribbon bars all over it, Charlie looked at her in surprise.

"My dear," said he, "if we expect to get on in this world you must keep earlier hours than this."

"Why, it's only seven o'clock!" said Jessie, artlessly glancing at the clock.

"Humph!" was the reply. "I daresay Dick's wife at the next farm has been up since daybreak."

"Since daybreak!" echoed Jessie. "Why, what can she possibly find to busy herself with?"

"You'd better ask her," said her husband a little drily. "A farmer's wife can't sit down and fold her hands, unless she wants to ruin her husband outright."

"Charlie," she said to her husband, "I am going across the meadow to see Dick's wife."

Charlie looked at his young bride rather doubtfully.

"Are you pet?" said he. "Don't be long gone then, for there's plenty to do."

Jessie shrugged her shoulders, and tripped lightly over the dewy meadow to where the pretty home of her brother-in-law, Richard, nestled in a grove of ancient elms.

"If this is life in the country," said the bride to herself, "I think I'll go back to teaching in town."

Dick's wife was summoned from the dairy to receive her visitor.

"Amy," said Jessie, "tell me what you have done to-day, and what you do other days. Charlie is holding you up as a model to me."

Mrs. Dick smiled.

"Yes," she said, they tell me that I am a good worker. And I do get along well, though I say it. You see I rise at four o'clock every morning. This morning I churned twenty pounds of butter, strained and skimmed the milk, scalded the pans, fed the little pigs, and the young turkeys, and ducks, and chickens, and got the breakfast for Richard and the men, and the children."

"Stop a minute," said Jessie, who had been listening with intent eyes. "So Dick has men to help him?"

"Yes—he always keeps two in summer and one in winter," explained Amy.

"Then I think you ought to have a woman to help you," argued the bride.

"It would cost too much," said Amy, solemnly. "Well—let me see, where was I? Ah!—after breakfast I make the beds and sweep all the principal rooms, and get the children ready for school. Then Mondays I wash; Tuesdays I iron; Wednesdays I bake and clean; Thursdays I do up fruit and pickles; Fridays I clean; and Saturdays I bake again and get ready for Sunday, for Dick always invites friends to dine with him on Sundays, and it is the busiest day in the week. And besides, I have all my own clothes and the children's to mend and make; stockings to knit, soft soap to make, and——"

"Oh, stop, stop!" cried Jessie, lifting her hands as if in terror. I don't wonder Amy, that Dick's first wife died at twenty-six, and that you, at thirty-six, are following as rapidly in her footsteps as can be," cried Jessie indignantly.

And the spirited young wife leaving Mrs. Dick in amazement, hurried away.

Charlie was standing at the old well, in his working costume, as Jessie tripped up the path. He looked up with a smile.

"Well, pet," said he, "where are you going?"

"To pack my boxes," said Jessie, with mischief sparkling in her deep, soft eyes. "I've been investigating matters, and I don't like the situation."

"What situation?"

"That of maid-of-all-work, laundress, cook, housekeeper and lady, all rolled into one, at the wages of my clothes and food."

"But, my dear," said Charlie, with a puzzled face, "you are talking nonsense. Nobody expects all that of any woman."

"Don't they, though?" said Jessie. "There's where you are mistaken. It is precisely what Dick's present wife has been doing for him all these years; what his first wife wore herself out in doing, and what you are preparing yourself to demand of me; but I had a deal rather go back to teaching."

"I tell you what, Charlie," she added, "if you will provide me all the servants I need, and let me live in my home as its ruling spirit, not as its drudge, I'll remain here; and what is more, I'll make more profit for you out of the girls' labor than ever Dick does with all his pinching out of his poor wife. Otherwise I shall leave Hollyfield Farm to-day."

"I believe you are right after all pet," said Charlie, with an admiring smile. "Stay with us, dear, and you shall see that we know how to appreciate you as you deserve."

So Mrs. Charlie Bourne stayed, the head of an efficient establishment of stout servant girls, who officiated as hands to her own active brain.

"It's extravagance—ridiculous extravagance!" exclaimed Dick when he heard of his brother's new administration of affairs.

"We'll see how the accounts turn out at the end of the year," said Charlie quietly.

And at the year's end Dick was unable to imagine now it was that his brother's account had swelled to nearly double his own.

"We have lived much more economically than you," said he. "We have kept no lazy, wasteful shirking girls."

"Ah, I" said Jessie, "I have made a profit on them; and besides, you didn't count the doctor's bills while poor Amy lay ill so long with rheumatic fever, brought on by scrubbing her kitchen floor herself, nor the expenses of the nurse who took care of her. And next year you will probably have undertakers' bill to pay into the bargain."

"No I won't!" said Dick, resolutely. "I'll try Charlie's way, and see if it will brighten Amy and the children up a little."

"Call it Jessie's way," said Charlie, laughing; "for she is the originator of the whole thing."

"It's a sensible way, anyhow," said Dick, "whosever it may be."

For bright little Jessie had converted them both.

THE HORN-BOOK.—Many people would be somewhat puzzled to describe the apparatus by which, from the invention of printing down to the time of our grandfathers, every child learned to read. The horn-book may be described as a thin piece of oak, upon which was pasted a sheet of paper bearing the alphabet, the Arabic numerals, and the Lord's prayer. To preserve the printed sheet from schoolboy ravages, it was covered with a strip of horn thin enough to be translucent, and the oaken frame a handle was fixed for convenience of holding.

Oak and horn are both exceedingly durable materials; but the schoolboy, and even in a lesser degree the schoolgirl, may be trusted to circumvent the most elaborate precautions against destruction. Hence no doubt it is, that while little more than a century ago horn-books were being sold in hundreds of thousands, they are now exceedingly difficult to find, and have become luxuries of price.

Not long ago a good specimen fetched at auction as much as four hundred dollars. It was found seventy years ago in the wall of an old house in England. It is in black letter, and the back is covered, as was often the case with horn-books intended for the use of the children of "the nobility and gentry," with leather, upon which is stamped an equestrian portrait of Charles I. The presence of a celestial crown and a cherub hovering over the monarch's head suggests that it dates not long after 1649.

One really splendid horn-book, of silver filigree-work, which was given by Queen Elizabeth to Lord Chancellor Egerton, is still the property of his descendant Lord Egerton of Tatton.

When, in Richard III., Shakspere says, "And from the cross-row plucks the letter G," he is referring to the first line of letters in the horn-book, which was long known as "the criss cross row," because the first letter, the "grost A," was always preceded by a cross.

As nearly as can be ascertained the manufacture of the horn-book in its original form ceased with the end of the eighteenth century, when it was killed by the competition of spelling-books. In a modified shape, made of cardboard varnished, and embellished with pictures of birds and beasts, it survived to some sixty years ago.

THE SHOOTING TRICK.—Any trick is simple when the way to do it is known, and there are several ways of doing most tricks. A famous French magician used to do the shooting trick by means of a gun which was loaded with a bullet, and fired a blank, or performed some other similarly unusual antic; but Herrmann the conjurer allowed six soldiers to fire at him at once, and to use the guns that were furnished to them by the State. The soldiers were all in the secret however.

Hermann brought out in a little ornamental case the cartridges that were to be used, and showed them to the audience, allowing any one who chose to mark one or more for identification.

The ornamental case had a slide in it, and, on his way back to the stage, Hermann opened the slide, and the ball cartridges were thereby concealed, while the same number of blank cartridges were revealed, but only to the soldiers, who loaded their guns with them.

Hermann then went to the side of the stage and gave the case to his attendant. The attendant quickly put each of the cartridges into a vice, wrenched out the bullets, and heated them over a lamp. While this was going on Hermann was talking to the audience, and the soldiers were marching about the stage and getting into position.

Then Hermann went to the wing to get the plate to catch the bullets in. He received the bullets at the same time. As soon as he had these he knew that his life was out of danger, for he could not get them till they were drawn from the cartridges.

Then he held the plate before him, the soldiers fired, and under cover of the smoke, it was easy for him to put the bullets into the plate and have them ready to bring down to the audience still hot, for examination and identification.

ON MEN-OF-WAR.—Visitors on board war vessels in the Navy Yard will very likely see among the sailors scattered about the necks smoking, talking, and so on, a sailor at work with a sewing machine. It is a hand machine, and has a pretty heavy base, so that it can be set down on deck and worked easily without shifting its position.

The machine is owned by the man working it. On a big ship like, for example, the battle-ship Indiana, carrying a crew of 400 men or more, there would probably be found as many as a dozen sewing machines; on a third rate cruiser, a smaller vessel, such, for illustration, as the Detroit, there will be apt to be four or five sewing machines.

The machines are oftenest own by sailmakers and sailmakers' mates, but they may be owned by sailors; any man on the ship might have a sewing machine if he wanted to.

Space is valuable on a vessel, and so only hand machines are allowed, and to bring a machine aboard permission must be got from the commanding officer. It is not to be supposed that every man in the ship would want a sewing machine; as a matter of fact, comparatively few men do, and those who want to take one aboard are not likely to find any difficulty in the way.

A sailor who has a sewing machine makes and repairs garments for himself and he does work for others for pay. There are not so many sewing machines on the vessels of the new navy as there were on those of the old; the sailor nowadays makes up less of his own outfit that he formerly did; he draws more completed articles from the government; but there is still plenty of work to be done aboard ship with sewing machines, and some money to be made with them yet.

At Home and Abroad.

Although the Eskimo are dependent upon the sea for everything they eat and for the clothes they wear, they do not know how to swim. This seems strange at first, but becomes less mysterious when we take into consideration the fact that the temperature of the water in the region where they live is never above the freezing point. The natives guard against the danger of drowning by making the covering of their boats so tight about the body of the fisherman that there is no leakage even if he should happen to tip over.

It has hitherto been customary to fritter away the intellectual force of parrots by merely teaching them to say, "Pretty Poll," and things of that sort, but the municipal authorities of a Continental town have instituted what is to be hoped will become a general reform. The poor-box at the town hall had for a long time been in a condition discreditable to the more prosperous of the inhabitants. To remind them of their duty towards poorer neighbors, a parrot was purchased, which was installed close to the box and trained to cry, 'For the poor, if you please!" The result, it is stated, has been highly satisfactory.

The following are some of the characteristic gestures of European royalties when engaged in conversation: The Prince of Wales, if annoyed or nervous, winks his left eye rapidly. The Emperor of Germany pulls furiously at his mustache. King Humbert of Italy, whose mustache is longer and more silky, caresses it affectionately. The Emperor of Austria puffs out his cheeks. The Czar runs his fingers through his hair or lays his hand flat on the top of his head. The Khedive taps impatiently with his left foot. The Archduchess Marie Therese of Austria never becomes interested in what she is saying without pulling at a lock of hair over her right temple.

Before a person can ride a bicycle in St. Petersburg, he must go to one of the cycling associations and pass an examination on his wheel. When he receives a certificate, he sends it to the city administration with an application for a permit. By the time he gets the permit he is out about two dollars for a few trifling details of red tape necessary to maintain the national budget. His permit is good for one year. A registered number is issued with it, which must be attached to the bicycle on two different places. The number is painted in broad white figures on a red background, so that the police can keep their eagle eyes on the cyclists and be able to identify them. One plate is fastened below the handle bar, and the other on the backbone of the wheel.

When the ostrich sticks his head in the sand he thinks it's all right—he can't see anybody, so no one can see him. The present Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, for a human being, seems to be a good deal worse than an ostrich, for, it is said, it is impossible for him to think a thing will happen otherwise than as ordered by him. Thus, when a fire breaks out in Constantinople, as soon as he hears of it he sends a message to the chief of the fire brigade telling him to put the fire out at once. If the fire spreads, as it often does in the ramshackle quarters of old towns, and the firemen for a while cannot get it under control, messenger after messenger is sent from the palace to say that the Sultan is very angry that his orders have not been promptly carried out, and demanding that the fire shall be stopped instantly.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Our Young Folks.

SOME GOOD IN THE WORLD.

BY E. A. P.

THE earth was fair and golden as a dream, for sunshine rioted everywhere, and all the young things rejoiced as if life were one long glad holiday.

And only one little spider was unhappy. He was no thing of beauty; nobody was his friend, all the world were his enemies; no one needed him, no one wanted him; all his family had a bad name.

"Yes, I am ugly," he moaned. "I have a bad name, and I never shall get on in life and win a better one, although I long to do something useful and noble and grand, like the rest of the world—something for the general good!"

There he lay, with his head resting on his small black claws—if a spider may be said to have claws—a wee, sorrowful thing, weeping and moaning in the very dust.

"Why, you poor little mite, how now?" cried a frog, in his usually hoarse voice, briskly leaping towards him, as if about to swallow him up. "Why, this is a pretty way to spend a bright May morning! What's the trouble?" he continued, as the mite glanced up, disdain curling his tiny nose, and then down went his head again.

"I want none of your croaking," he muttered in the dust.

"Well, child, I don't want to croak, but nature is nature, and I can't help it. What is the trouble, though, I say? The old story of ugliness?" said the frog, looking as grave as a judge.

"Yes, and my uselessness, and my bad name," moaned the spider. It is a comfort to have even a frog to talk to when we are in trouble.

"Well, some folk say I am no great beauty, but I don't let that stop me from being useful in killing a slug now and then."

"But they all believe me as useless as I am ugly, and as bad as both!"

"Eh, who is that talking of being ugly?" It was a toad which spoke, peering wisely out of a flower pot which lay close by.

"Now, I never did agree with people giving themselves bad names—the world will do that fast enough. They say I am ugly, but then I don't believe it. I am sure my eye is a perfect gem of beauty, and I know the gardeners like to see me in their gardens." And the toad laughed a knowing laugh.

"But they say I do harm," moaned the spider

"So they say of me. They say I poison folks. Ha, ha! that's a good joke! poison them, indeed!"

"They say I'm spiteful, and bite, and that my bite kills sometimes. But who wouldn't bite and snap, poked about as I and my family are?"

"Cheep, cheep, cheep! how do you do?" chirped a robin. "I help to keep the spiders in order—if it wasn't for the robin and the knowing little wren, the long-legged grizzly spider would overcome a man."

"That isn't true!" shrieked the spider, stung to the quick by the taunt.

Just then a little ant, creeping along overheard the talk. "I am for helping the world and making it better. I know it is but little I can do, still many little heads and many little hands can scatter little blessings over many lands. That's my opinion."

"Well, as you are a wise little lady, come and teach this poor discontented spider his duty, for I don't know what it is," said the robin.

"How should you? Everybody should learn their own duty first, and it seems you haven't learnt yours. Now, I don't want to boast, but this I will say, that as I teach industry so a spider can teach patience.

"Don't any of you remember the king who learnt patience and trust from a spider, and went and won a great battle afterwards? Go and teach the world this."

"I am so ugly, and have such a bad name," sighed the spider.

"Go with your ugliness; the lesson will be just as beautiful. Beauty of work is better than beauty of form. 'Handsome is that handsome does,' says the world, dear lover of beauty though it be. Teach the world to trust and take hold, to clutch and cling, to hope and work on, to throw self aside, and who knows that your name will not be handed down with that of some great king and conqueror, as that of your far-off relation is?"

The ant made a homely bow and plodded on its way; the frog and the toad hid away from the sun; and the poor little spider was left alone, with all the glad sounds of summer life wooing him to the right and the true.

The tiny creature crept away into a barn near, as we can suppose that other spider of Scottish history did, and pondered and mused, till by-and-by the night came on, and the whole world slept.

A homeless wanderer lay slumbering and sleeping just below where the small insect was perched; he wondered if that could be some king whom he was to encourage to fight another battle.

A feeling of awe crept over him, his heart throbbed with a longing to do what he could. But no, not a king, he decided, as the hours glided on; then came thick smoke, burning, and flame; and still a man, who was no king, slumbered and slept.

Down on the sleeper's face he dropped he never knew why. Something prompted him; it may have been the wish to do good—he never knew. But the next morning he heard the man say to the owner of the barn:

"'Twere a spider done it, master. If he hadn't woke me when he did, the whole lot would have been burnt down." So the spider did a good turn for the farmer and saved his farm, and taking courage therefrom, felt that, with his ugliness and his bad name, he could be of use, and looked right and left for more work.

Winter came and he crept into the house. Up, up, always up he seemed to be mounting, and at last he found himself in the sick-room of little Nina. He climbed into a sunny window and began to weave, while two little languid eyes watched the tiny thing, now breaking his thread, now joining it, now going on with a right good will.

Watching thus, the child's weary tossing to and fro ceased, and she quietly slept. When she awoke, they hoped with glad surprise that she was better, and again she lay smiling and watching the spider.

"See that spider, mamma?" There was a ring of pleasure in the weak little voice. The spider had been weaving for days, but only Nina had noticed it, so anxious had they all been about the little *girl herself*.

"Dear me! let me poke him down," said mamma.

"No, mamma, don't; it makes me better to watch him," pleaded the child; "he's so pretty and so hard-working. I should like to be a spider."

"Pretty and hard-working!" The little weaver's heart throbbed with joy as he listened.

"Yes, spiders are hard-working little fellows, dear; but let me poke this one down," replied mamma.

"No, mamma, he makes me better," was the child's plea. So mamma let him stay; and by-and-by she and Nina called him "Dr. Spider," because he made the little sick thing laugh and grow cheerful, and with cheerfulness came strength.

But by-and-by a day rolled round—frost and snow, with biting winds were abroad out of doors—when Nina was carried downstairs, and Anne, the servant, came to air and dust the room. Poor little Dr. Spider! poor, eager-eyed, tiny worker, with such a future of usefulness stretching out, as bright and golden as a spider's future could be. Anne saw him, knew nothing of his healing powers, nothing of what he had done for Nina; she only saw him as a long-legged, grizzly spider.

She poked him down, she crushed him, poor little longing, throbbing heart and all. He lay on the window-sill, not dead but quivering with intense pain. Must he die? It was hard, very hard, for him to be cast aside like this, but he had thrown his mite of work into the world; he had not lived uselessly, though but a poor little ugly insect with a bad name. True he had sent no great king to battle, strong and brave and full of hope, like that spider in history; still he felt he had not lived in vain. He bowed his head and grew calm, and just then came Nina's mamma into the room.

"O, Anne! what have you done? Killed poor little Dr. Spider!" So she said and crossed over to the window where he lay. "Why, I do believe he has done more for Nina than all our nursing and the doctor's medicine together, for we never could get her to smile till he came. And now he's dead!"

A tear dripped down upon his small mangled body; it thrilled him through and through. He panted, his heart gave a great leap of gladness, it burst, and he was dead.

That human tear of sorrow at his loss had crowned his life and made his death a glory.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.—What a simple, beautiful, powerful institution it is! The nursery and preparatory school of the affections and moral sentiments of our nature—what an incalculable influence it brings to bear upon the development of our best capabilities.

Take, for example, the relation of children to parents; submission to rightful authority; trust in a higher wisdom and a stronger power than their own; love answering to love, meeting it sometimes as a monitor, sometimes as a playmate, and unconsciously becoming assimilated to it; is it possible to conceive an atmosphere more exquisitely adapted to quicken in young souls the innate germs of that moral and spiritual life which is destined to find its highest object in the disclosures to it of the fatherhood of God?

We often speak of the sanctities of home. Literally, as well as figuratively, our characterization of it is true—for it is there that those affections are first elicited, exorcised, and expanded, which in due time, and unless perverted by evil, will be filled with the fullness that flows from the Uncreated Source, and that will constitute our sublimer life when the present initiatory one has passed away. The family circle is a scenic representation to young hearts of that higher world of relationships wherein humanity is to reach its perfection; and the unquestioning obedience we yield to earthly parents, our implicit trust in them, our unreserved love of them, are, in their first exercise, just those susceptibilities of our nature which, in their last, will unite us for ever with the "Parent Divine."

Our training for immortality begins with our first recognition of the right to command which the tones of a father's voice express, with the first appreciation of the love which plays in a mother's smile.

True, we may frustrate but too effectually those simplest preparations for what we should be hereafter; but it is not the less true that it is in the family circle we acquire those primary sentiments which constitute the very substratum of subjective religion.

Happy are they whose family circle yet remains unbroken. Let them prize as they ought a condition which they can never quit, even in obedience to duty, without a sharp pang of regret.

HE WORKED HIM.—"I have come," said the young man, "to ask for your daughter's hand."

The proud banker gazed over his glasses at the fellow and demanded:

"Well, have you any means of supporting her?"

"Alas! I am poor—but hear my story."

"Go on!"

"When I spoke to Claudia about coming to see you, she told me it was useless—that her mother was the man of the house, and that I had better go to her. But I said: 'No! Your father may permit your mother to think that she is the man of the house just to humor her, but I have seen enough of him to know that when a matter of importance comes up his strong will must always assert itself. His strength of character may not be brought out by little things, still——"

"My boy," interrupted the old gentleman, patting him upon the shoulder, "I have known all along that you were not one of those ordinary dudes who are incapable of understanding what is going on in the world around them. Take her, and may you always be happy."

CHARACTER AND HAIR.—Character may be told by the texture and color of the hair. Thus, men with fine, light hair are said to be conceited, and if they do not marry until late in life are apt to grow cross and selfish.

Men with fine brown hair, light or dark, are quick and thoughtful and are less apt to be selfish than those with light or very dark hair. Men whose hair turns gray early in life are a little nervous, but are intelligent, sympathetic, and most honorable.

Red hair is a sign of keen intelligence. With women, pale blonde hair is a sign of an impulsive, loving but fickle nature; on the other hand those with dark hair are loyal, are full of sentiment and easily affected. They enjoy and suffer keenly. Women who have fine black hair are highly strung, but those with coarse dark hair are very often small-spirited and mean. Dark hair may be taken as a sign of the possession of stronger feelings than light hair, and dark-haired women as a rule are much more loyal than those whose hair is of a light color.

The World's Events.

Thimbles made of lava are extensively used in Naples.

Color-blindness is far more common among men than women.

There are four millionaires in England to every one in France.

As a rule a man's hair turns gray five years sooner than a woman's.

It is a Chinese custom to inaugurate a business venture with a display of pyrotechnics.

Sixty thousand elephants are annually slaughtered in Africa for the sake of their ivory.

Golf can positively be traced in Scottish history back to 1457, and negatively to a remoter date.

Nails, it is said, may be driven into hard wood without beading if they are first dipped in lard or oil.

The prefix "O" before so many of the names of Irish families is an abbreviation of the word ogha, meaning grandchild. O'Connor, therefore, means grandchild of Connor.

One of the stations of the railway which is to be built from the Red Sea to the top of Mount Sinai will be put on the spot where it is supposed Moses stood when he received the two tables of the law.

The ears of the most defenceless animals, like the rabbit, are turned backward, because these creatures are in constant apprehension of pursuit. Hunting animals have their ears turned forward.

Japanese theatres have their boxes so arranged that the ladies can change their dresses, as it is not considered stylish for a lady to appear an entire evening in one dress and with the same ornaments.

Germany is going ahead. In one of her official publications she describes the condition of her African settlement Togo as satisfactory. The town has eighty-nine white people, eighty-one of whom are German officials.

For a short distance a lion or a tiger can outrun a man, and can equal the speed of a fast horse, but they lose their wind at the end of about half a mile. They have little endurance, and are remarkably weak in lung power.

Emperor William has begun at Berlin the practice of keeping the Lutheran churches of the city open throughout the day and on week days. Until now only the Catholic churches have been left thus open to stray worshippers on week days.

Mr. Edison declares that before the world's supply of coal is exhausted we shall surely not be dependent on it for fuel; in fact, fuel of any kind will be superfluous. It is said that he believes that the fires of the interior of the earth will be utilized in the future to carry on every industry requiring steam power.

It is a singular fact, but true, that the majority of cyclists depend principally upon the right foot to push the machine along. In proof of this, if the balls on a crank axle are examined, those on one side will be found more worn than on the other. This is accounted for by the fact that the greater strain is on the right side.

A back and shoulder rest for cyclists has been brought out. The rest consists of a neatly-finished flexible strap or support, which can be instantaneously slung round the shoulders (over or under the jacket), and attached to a connection on the handle-bar by means of a cord, which can be immediately detached or fastened by a single movement of the finger.

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The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia

THE WORLD WAS WHITE.

BY T. P. C.

The world was white—each hawthorn-tree
Bore fragrant blossoms fair to see;
The sky above was blue and gold,
The song-birds sang in glen and wold,
White daisies starred the emerald lea,
When first his love my lover told,
The world was white.

White winter reigned o'er land and sea
When Faith and Hope died cruelly.
No flow'ret peeped above the mould
When first my heart grew hard and cold;
When first I learned how false men be,
The world was white!

AS IT IS IN CHINA.

Among the perplexities of life in the Far East, by no means the least to a traveler is connected with the management of his money affairs. If he has gone out from the home of his childhood expecting to have a similarly simple system of receiving and spending his money he has a rude awakening in store for him ere he has gone far. One of his first wishes is probably to replenish his purse by exchanging a bank credit of some kind for the currency of the country; and on his arrival at the local bank he is faced with a question to be answered at the very outset, namely, into what denomination of money he will have it exchanged or placed to his credit. The ways of doing this are: He may have it entered as gold, or he may have its value converted into silver dollars. The remaining option open to him is that of having it put down in taels, or Chinese ounces of silver.

But when he sets out to have a look at the interior, he begins to think that in the city his financial difficulties had not even begun. Paper money and bank credits are alike unknown and unnegotiable. Gold coins are of no use at all, and even the silver dollars of the ports are not recognised. The only coin in use is the "cash," of which eight hundred can easily be obtained for a dollar before starting; but when a man has a retinue of servants and a number of mules to provide for day by day, as well as his own necessities and luxuries, it will at once be seen that this is an impossible way of carrying the necessary money. So he obtains from his banker a number of hollow blocks of silver varying in weight from about four pounds avoirdupois downward. Along with these he must provide himself with a small pair of scales, which he would do well to have tested by his banker before setting out, or he may have the misfortune to become possessor of a pair prepared for buying or for selling purposes only, either of which in China is a very different thing from a just balance.

Arrived in an inland town, the traveler probably finds the innkeeper and shopkeepers unable to give him change for the smallest piece of silver in his possession, and he is directed to the "cash" shops for this purpose. Taking a block of silver to the nearest of these, he finds that "cash" for it would require a cart rather than a purse for its accommodation. But he is at perfect liberty to cut it up as he pleases, and with the aid of a hammer and chisel gets a piece sufficient to meet his immediate requirements. Then it is necessary to go to several shops inquiring how many strings (each supposed to contain a hundred) of "cash" they are giving per ounce. This takes time, but that is nothing to the natives, and he would need a long purse indeed who would travel far in China and take the first offer of every man with whom he deals.

The exchangers will probably all differ in the terms offered, but the customer need have no qualms of conscience about taking the best offer he can get, for he may rest assured that it is still less than his due. But he is not out of the woods yet, for the dealer produces his scales and at once finds the piece somewhat lighter than the seller had said. This is only part of the game, but more time must be wasted before he will concede the point, and pay over a fair number of strings.

The wanderer is now in a position to settle his hotel bill and make any little purchases that may occur to him; but his troubles are not over, for the strings of "cash"—so called because they have a hole in the centre and are strung on strings—even if he has watched sharply enough to see that he received the full number finally agreed on, are only supposed to contain a hundred "cash" each. This is probably all right if they are to be spent in the town in which they are received, but if they have to be taken farther on the journey, another complication arises which may well make any man rub his eyes on meeting it for the first time. To such an extent have this people carried their thirst for overreaching one another that it must be gratified at any cost.

To meet this craving to some extent there is an understanding in most towns that some smaller number of cash is to be reckoned, called and accepted as a hundred. This number differs according to locality, and varies from twelve to ninety-five. Well may it be asked how any guileless American can ever hope to hold his own with a people who have such a passion for cheating, that even in valuing their own possessions they prefer to call a sum larger than it really is.

It becomes necessary for one to carry almost all his money in silver, for he has no idea till he inquires how many "cash" will be a hundred in the next town. But another danger he must also carefully avoid is coming into possession of any of the co-called paper money of the "cash" shops. Bearing simply the guarantee of some money-changer, it is of no value beyond the town, or in some cases even the street in which his business is carried on.

Another kind of money which is largely manufactured and sold is worthy of mention, although the traveler need not trouble himself with it except as a curiosity. This is prepared for the special purpose of burning at the graves of deceased relatives, as an offering to the dead.

The denizens of the other world are supposed to require, and to be capable of receiving money in this way; but the Chinaman is far too practical a person to part in such a fashion with the currency of the empire. Instead he buys for a few "cash" a large supply of silvered and gilded pieces of paper, or of imitation coins blocked out of cardboard. Although these have no purchasing power on earth, they are supposed to count for much in the transactions of the spirit world.

Grains of Gold.

Who thinks often of death does things worthy of life.

There are too many people who have more religion than love.

The more honesty a man has the less he affects the air of a saint.

Unless the habit leads to happiness, the best habit is to contract none.

We need have no fear if we have done our best to make others happy.

The man who makes profession that he does not live, compels himself to live a lie.

Be charitable; religion has humanity for a basis, and they who are not charitable cannot be Christians.

A man's word may be as good as his bond, and his bond may be as good as gold, and yet that man may be mean and small in all other matters.

Femininities.

Many blame the wife for their own thriftless life.

A Georgia woman killed her child because she said it was too ugly to live.

Overheard. "Mrs. Devere-Hawkins is a widow, is she not?" "Temporarily."

Lots of men love women in spite of their faults, and a few women love men in spite of their virtues.

Vienna has a "Silence Club," the members of which spend the evening together without talking.

A woman sometimes forgets that she has an immortal soul, but she never forgets that she has a complexion.

The much-used word "boudoir" really means a sulkery, and is derived from the French verb meaning "to sulk."

Black satin is being revived by ladies for wear in the daytime. Its first appearance in London was made at a fashionable wedding.

"Blinks' wife has reformed him entirely; he doesn't drink a drop now." "How did she manage it?" "Easily enough. She spent all he could earn on dress."

A useful charity called the London Spectacle Mission provides spectacles for needle-women and other deserving persons dependent on their eyesight for a living.

Young ladies of Corsicana, Texas, met at the armory of the Garrity Rifles lately and organized a female military company, with Miss Amy Talley as Captain.

In South Greenland the color of the hair-ribbon which a woman ties around her head denotes the social condition of the wearer—whether she be maid or wife or widow.

Father: "Now, look here, Grace! that new bicycle skirt of yours is altogether too short. You don't look modest in it." Grace, pouting: "Why, papa, I always wear a thick veil."

The Queen of England owns a dress manufactured entirely of spiders' webs. It was a present from the late Empress of Brazil, who had it specially prepared in her palace by twenty native silk-workers.

Smalley: "I'm anxious to meet this feminine wonder you have discovered. Is she really so intelligent looking?" Fitzjones: "Intelligent looking! Why she even looks as if she had some sense when she is talking to a baby."

Forty-five years in bed is the record of Miss Clarke, of Chatteris, in Cambridgeshire, England, who died recently. She was disappointed in love, and shut herself up in her bedroom, which she never left alive. She was well off, and occupied herself with fancy needlework.

In France women have a monopoly of bookkeeping in most restaurants and cafes. They are well paid and have few expenses, their meals being furnished by the restaurant, and a plain black dress being all that is required in the way of toilet during working hours.

Major Kincaid, who has just popped: "I'm not so very old, Miss Daisy. King Solomon was nearly a hundred, you know, when he married, and I'm sure he made a good husband." Miss Crozier: "Yes, but he had so many wives at a time that the—er—care of him was nicely distributed, don't you know?"

There is as much character in the thumbs of people as in their faces. A long first joint of the thumb indicates will-power; a long second joint indicates strong logic or reasoning power; a wide, thick thumb indicates strong individuality, while a broad knob at the end of the thumb is a sure indication of obstinacy. The thumb is the characteristic feature of the human hand.

The use of quicksilver for looking-glasses was unknown to the ancients, and consequently the Greek and Roman ladies had to content themselves with highly polished thin disks of bronze to which handles and stands were attached. Later on silver was used, and the first mirror of silver is said to have been made about the time of Julius Cæsar.

We often give the title of lady to those who do not deserve it. A lady is a woman who is honorable, truthful, refined; who regards the comfort of others before her own; who never forgets how important little courtesies are to the happiness of life; who is loyal to her friends and never betrays a trust; who scorns to think a mean thought or speak a mean word or perform a mean act; who reverences age, protects weakness, and maintains her own womanly self-respect.

A stranger on walking through the streets of China for the first time is puzzled, among other things, by the appearance of jars in various positions on the roofs of the houses. On inquiry he learns that a jar placed with its bottom end towards the street indicates that the daughter of the house is not yet of age to marry. As soon as she has developed into a marriageable maiden the jar is turned with its mouth to the street; when the young lady gets married the jar is removed altogether.

Masculinities.

The strength of a horse is equivalent to that of five men.

The skeleton measures one inch less than the height of the living man.

No man has to serve an apprenticeship in order to learn how to make mistakes.

The difference between perseverance and obstinacy is that one often comes from a strong will, and the other from a strong won't.

It is described as "unwritten law" that the President and Vice-President of the United States shall never travel in the same railway train.

He: "They met at the seaside. Then commenced an acquaintance that would soon have ripened into love. But——" She: "But what?" "They married."

Sufferers from neuralgia are warned by a medical writer not to drink tea, but to partake freely of coffee into which the juice of a lemon has been squeezed.

There was recently erected in twenty-four hours in Chicago, a house of worship that holds 5,000 persons, with organ, furniture, and other equipment, ready for use.

It is said that the patterns on the finger tips are not only unchangeable through life, but the chance of the finger-prints of two persons being alike is less than one chance in sixty-four billions.

"That fire reminds me of a man in love," she said, gazing at the dying embers. "It burns brightly at first, then gradually subsides, and nothing remains but ashes." "And yet it will be all right if you feed it regularly," he replied.

Norman B. Covert, a 78-year-old citizen of Ann Arbor, Mich., has been converted from Methodism to Brahmanism. He is supposed to be the only American convert to that creed, and he has not adopted all of its doctrines, for he will not abstain from the use of animal flesh for food.

The Duke of Argyll lately offered himself as a living proof of the advantages of desultory reading. He had never been to school or college, but he had always read everything he could lay his hands on. To this he attributed his success in public speaking, for he "often found he had read what others had not."

"The trouble with you, Briggs, is that you're so terribly narrow." "Nonsense! I'm always most careful to give the other side credit for every decent thing they do." "Well, I never heard you say a good word about their merits." "That's simply because they haven't any merits to say a good word about."

Canvasser: "You are the head of the house, I presume?" Dixmyth: "Your presumption is quite natural, but you've got another guess coming." Canvasser: "Beg pardon, but I don't quite catch your drift?" Dixmyth: "Well, I have to foot the bills, and as my wife says I'm always kicking you can draw your own conclusions."

"You say you want to marry my daughter. Have you spoken to her?" "Yes, sir," replied the young man, "and have gained her consent." "Well, if she has said 'Yes,' that settles it. Anything I might say or do wouldn't have the slightest influence." Then the young man went home and wondered if he was not too young to marry such a girl.

There are two interesting instances of the effect of water upon the human system. In the Alps and the Pyrenees there is a race of people who are old men at fifteen years of age and who die at thirty; this being entirely due to their drinking lime-water. The Chinese, on the other hand, drink nothing but rain-water, and, as a nation, their longevity is proverbial.

TO ANY
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The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia

Latest Fashion Phases.

Gloves for this season are suede of soft-finished leather. For street wear they are pique, stitched and fastened with clasp. Gloves of a contrasting color are no longer considered good taste. Where it is impossible to match the gown English tans, dark biscuit and mole color will be worn. Suede gloves only will be permissible on dress occasions. The stitching on these evening gloves is only a shade darker than the kid. Evening gloves are made longer than before so as to wrinkle, frequently measuring a yard and a half from finger tips to the tops.

A handsome black grenadine recently seen was a very open design, lined with bright blue taffetas. From knee to hem the skirt was covered with black chiffon ruffles, each flounce edged with narrow black satin ribbon and having a frill of black lace over it. These flounces curved upward in the back, meeting the belt. The bodice was composed of alternate strips of white and blue satin ribbon, running in a perpendicular direction each ribbon elaborately hemstitched and bordered with double frills of narrow satin ribbon, one frill black and the next white. A round yoke of white chiffon over blue silk and sash of white satin edged with black chiffon completed it.

An elaborate theatre cloak which will be seen this winter is of black crepe de chine lined with pale blue and embroidered in floss silk with roses of many colors, this embroidery running down the back, round the hem and on the sleeves. Many ruffings of blue chiffon are gathered around the neck and are edged with lace. They fall in box fashion to the hem of the garment.

Hussar effects are seen among the cloth jackets; they were in last season and now are in again. Astrakhan, combined with frogging and braiding on black smooth-faced cloth or on dark red, green, or blue is again stylish, only such garments must be strictly first-class as to build, or they are merely common.

Box coats coming only a little below the hip, or barely to the hip, are shown in all dark shades, as well as in the covert cloths, so long popular. Shield front jackets, such as appeared with the horrid melon sleeves a couple of seasons ago, are again offered, but with sleeves much modified. Jackets with cape effect sleeves are revived. Almost all of these have a mongrel look, but many of them are contrived ingeniously and the best stores have such models.

Plaid silks, in large and very brilliant squares abound and make the matter of selection one that requires the best judgment. Whole garments of these goods are a terrifying thought to women of quiet tastes, but there is, after all, much less danger of loudness than one would suspect. Combined with solid colored goods, the most startling plaids may be safely used, and in the result there will not be more of conspicuousness than is the lot of every strikingly handsome garment.

One tasteful arrangement was a wide-barred silk of red and blue. The dress goods was a dark blue woolen stuff, chemisette and stock collar being embroidered white satin, and the plaid vest being edged on both sides with heavy blue silk cord. The revers were wired to stand away from the fronts and were faced with blue satin, the same material giving the best. Over the shoulders were plaid bretelles, and the sleeves were shirred plaid silk. Basque and skirt were plain, with cord edging.

Plaid silk is especially impressive in a petticoat, and there is always the possibility of several adjustable ruffles for a plaid skirt. For instance, a plaid of blue, cream, black, and white may be demure, with a black ruffle finished with rows of blue and cream ribbon, and very stunning with a cream satin ruffle draped with black lace.

The gay-colored Roman scarf is one of the most popular neckties of the fall. It comes in a four in-hand, to be tied in a new way, and also in a string tie. The Roman silk four in-hands are most gorgeous affairs. They give just the right touch of color to a somber gown. They are made with a straight stiff collar of the silk, and the knot of the four-in-hand is tied just over the bust. The ends are long and flowing, and through one of them a jeweled pin is caught.

This idea of pinning one end of the necktie to the bodice of the gown is a special fad of the hour. It is not so long ago that the pin which adorned a necktie was always thrust through the knot. But now that is considered particularly bad form. The pin must never be worn unless it holds one end of the scarf to the bodice.

The Roman string ties look well with any shaped linen collar, but just at present they are being worn the most with the collar which has a turned-over edge all the way round.

With many of the handsome costumes this season and with almost all the fashionable coats there are collars so high at the back that they are startlingly conspicuous. There are velvet collars in an exaggerated Medici shape, which are covered with jeweled lace, and edged with fur, and then there are other collars reaching half way up the head at the back and made entirely of feathers.

Many of these collars hide the ears from view, but they are all considered extremely fashionable.

The broad mull necktie, which made its appearance late in the summer, is growing more and more popular. It can be bought this fall in soft liberty silk and in mousseline de soie, with borders of lace applique. The bow is tied in the direct front and the ends are unusually long.

The jeweled dog collar is also in favor this season—in cut steel and pearls it is most effective over a high smooth-fitting collar of bright satin.

There is an entirely new way of tying the veil this fall; in fact, there is an entirely new veil. The fashion of fastening the veil to the hat and then letting it float off in the breeze is now a thing of the past as far as fashionable women are concerned.

The new veil is called the empire scarf veil, and it is from two and a half to three yards long. It is drawn rather closely over the face, crossed in the back, and then tied in a big bow under the chin on the left side.

The scarf veil is made of the black net and the part which comes directly over the face is sprinkled with black chenille dots. The whole scarf is finished with a lace border and the ends are ornamented in various ways. One of the new veils has both ends of the scarf appliqued with a floral lace design. Another shows the ends trimmed with rows of narrow black velvet ribbon and finished with a ruffle of black accordion plaited chiffon.

These new empire scarf veils bid fair to be exceedingly popular with women who can afford to pay from $3 to $4 for their veils. They are neck scarfs and veil combined, and make a charming finish to any costume. They will be especially in demand now while the neck scarf is at the height of its glory. These veils look equally as well with a toque or big Gainsborough hat.

The fancy veils will be much worn this season. Some of the novelties have the border formed of narrow rows of ribbon velvet, which is just as apt to be in a striking color as black. For example, one of the new veils is made of net in a rather coarse mesh. At the bottom it is run with three narrow rows of velvet in three varying shades of violet.

There are pretty chiffon veils edged with three or four rows of ribbon velvet of the same color. The veils which have a cream lace applique border are also in fashion. A few of these veils have been seen with the lace design picked out in fine jets. Other expensive veils, all in black, have a lace border wrought with jets.

Whatever veil is worn this season it must be drawn much more closely across the face than during the summer.

The hat and veil pins in the shape of crabs are among the curious novelties. Those which represent butterflies are perhaps the most beautiful, as their wings are made of many tiny sparkling mock gems, with one big stone for the body.

New hats have been in the milliners' windows all along, but the best models are only just being unveiled. Meanwhile many a wise woman has worn her heavy black or dark straw, finding in the warm weather an excuse for not rushing the change from straw to felt. Heavy straws trimmed with quills and ribbon, without plumes or lace, have looked entirely suitable even with new fall cloth costumes. But that time has passed, and the new models must have attention.

The first point to catch the eye is that elaborate hats trimmed with long plumes, especially black or white ones, are a feature. But the average woman has very little "elaborate" wear to give a hat in the winter. She may want a beautiful and formal evening gown, she may need a change of graceful and even richly delicate house gowns, but unless a reception costume demands a picture hat instead of the usual tiny headdress, or unless the box at the theater seems a proper place for the display of circumference in headgear, there is really little occasion in the average woman's winter life for conspicuously designed hats.

There is no risk about replenishing the shoe bag. For walking when plainly gowned a high buttoned shoe finished like a man's and either in dull finish black leather or in russet, according to the color of your gown, is correct. For severe dress occasions have an all-over patent leather low shoe, made very boxy and with high military heel.

Such a shoe is laced with broad ribbon, fits easily, and looks well on only a fine foot. Though it appears to be square and "English," it is made to fit a hollow arched foot, though there is no effect of the Spanish arch now voted bad form except for dress.

For the woman who prefers a high shoe in the winter comes a boot finished a good deal like this low shoe and topped with cloth. If you are not certain of the delicacy of your ankle such a boot will look better than the low one.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Women now have the furnishing of their writing tables in leather. Writing tables are now deemed more fashionable than desks. They have spindle legs and are enameled or made of wood that harmonizes with the furniture. The writing pads for such tables are very small, hardly larger than the square sheets of letter paper used on them. The backs and corners are of carved or burnt leather, instead of silver or decorated china mountings. The burnt leather is of several shades of mole, with elaborate designs burnt in dark brown.

The inkstands, mucilage bottles, sealing wax holders, candlesticks, pen and pencil trays, paper weights and the other articles are leather covered and carved or burnt with the same design. The blotting paper to be used with such sets should be mole colored or brown, to match the leather, and sometimes it has a similar design traced around the edges.

Fashionable desk furnishings for men's desks are of cut glass, stag horn and silver. The inkstands and other large pieces are of cut glass on massive silver mountings, with stag horn top pieces or pen racks. The paper knives have carved silver blades, with handles of stag horn, in some instances also carved. Penstaffs of porcupine quills are a novelty. They are silver-mounted and richly colored.

A recent writer says that to sleep in a bed prepared in the old-fashioned way is simply to induce ailments of every description. He advocates a complete reversal of the existing order of things. You must have your head on a level with, or lower than, your feet. If pillows are to be used they must be put under the feet instead of the head. The result, he claims, will be amazing being a sure cure for insomnia, as well as a preventive of the nightmare. To avoid any inconvenience by too sudden a change, the pillows should be gradually reduced and placed under the feet. The fact remains, however, that elevating the legs after a long walk is the surest relief for fatigue, and the higher they are the better.

How to wash flannels so as to prevent shrinking is not difficult by any means, but requires care. Shred into a saucepan in small pieces a piece of soap in the proportion of a quarter of a pound to two gallons of water, and put on to boil stirring with a wooden spoon to make a soap lather. Shake out your flannels well first of all to free them from dust, and proceed to mix in the washing-tub one quart jug of boiling lather to two of cold, stirring all the time.

Lastly, add an ounce of liquid or rock ammonia, and when dissolved put in the flannels, cover over completely with the water, and then put the paste board over the tub, so that all be shut in closely to prevent evaporation. Let this stand for an hour, then squeeze them out and put into a clear rinsing-bath of the same temperature (90° Fahr.). If very much soiled, look over the soiled parts and rub carefully in the first lather, put through a rinser and shake well. Dry in the shad, or slowly near a fire, and iron while damp with a cool iron.

Cleansing cream made after the following recipe is highly recommended for general use in the household. It will remove grease spots from coats, carpets or any woolen texture, paint from furniture and ink from paint. This cream will keep an indefinite period: Cut four ounces of white castile soap very fine and put it over the fire in a quart of hot water to dissolve; as soon as it is thoroughly melted add four quarts of hot water, and when nearly cold stir in four ounces of ammonia, two ounces of alcohol, two ounces of glycerine and two ounces of ether.

Codfish on Toast.—Put a bowlful of shredded codfish into cold water in a skillet; let it come to a boil, then turn into a colander to drain; turn into the skillet again with a cupful of cold milk; season with butter and pepper; stir smooth a spoonful of flour with a little cold milk, add and let it boil for a moment. Turn this on to buttered toast on a platter.

Russian Snow Tart.—Bake an open crust and fill with whipped cream flavored with vanilla. Sprinkle this with fresh grated or prepared cocoanut that has been soaked in milk, and dot with bits of jelly.

Jelly Oranges.—Cut an orange in halves, remove the pulp and juice without marring the peel, and fill each half even to the edge with orange jelly made with gelatine and the orange juice. Fit the halves together, and serve an orange to each person.

Shortbread Biscuits.—Quarter of a pound of cornflour, quarter of a pound of common flour, quarter of a pound of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one egg, a little milk. Rub the butter in among the flours, adding the baking powder and the sugar, and mix very well; beat up the egg, and put a little milk among it, and with this make into a very firm dough, roll out thinly and cut the shape wanted, and bake in a moderate oven; dust sugar over.

Fruit-and-Rice Pudding.—Wash one pound of rice and tie in a cloth, allowing room for it to swell, and put it into a saucepan of cold water; let it boil for an hour, or longer if necessary: then take it up, untie the cloth, and stir in one pound of any sort of fresh fruit; tie up again, and return to the saucepan for another hour. Serve with sweet sauce, or plain brown sugar and a little milk.

Dirty and dull carpets can be made brighter by washing them over with hot water and a little ammonia.

To make a pretty whisk-broom holder, cover the pasteboard case smoothly with silesia and edge the top and bottom with cord. Drape a bright scarf edged with sequins gracefully on the outer side, so that none of the case shall be visible, and suspend by cord or ribbon. The silesia should be the color of the scarf.

Baked Potatoes.—Scrub quite clean as many potatoes as will be required, put them in the oven, not too hot at first; bake medium size potatoes one hour, serve in a bowl or tureen in a folded serviette.

Hiccough.—It is not generally known that taking a teaspoonful of vinegar will often cure hiccough.

Potato Soup.—Take one pound shin of beef, cut it into thin slices, chop one pound of potatoes and one onion, and put them in a stewpan with three quarts of water, half a pint of split peas, and two ounces of rice; stew gently till the gravy is drawn from the meat for nearly three hours, strain it off, take out the beef, and pulp the ingredients through a coarse sieve; put the pulp back in the soup, cut up one head of celery in it, and simmer till it is tender.

Rice Waffles.—Mix and sift one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour, two and a half level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, then work in two-thirds of a cupful of cold boiled rice with the tips of the fingers. Put in one and one-fourth cupfuls of milk and the well-beaten yolks of one egg. Add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and the white of the egg, beaten very light. Bake in hot, well greased waffle irons and serve with maple syrup.

Odds and ends of wool may be utilized with pretty effect for afghans. The bits of wool are knotted together according to fancy, the ends being left about an inch in length. They are crocheted together with a coarse needle in plain stitch. The knots must be kept on one side, so the longer pieces of wool should be used for the return row for the upper side. If, however, all the bits are small, it is a simple matter to draw the knots through to the other side. The ends of the wool have a mossy look, and the varied colors have a cheerful effect.

A FAR-OFF LAND.

BY E. O.

In a far-off land is my love to-day;
I know not when I his face shall see;
From the morning's dawn to the twilight gray
I count the hours he is lost to me!
On their silent journey they come and go;
To each that passes my hopes are sighed,
And I bid them listen, and whisper low
My words to him o'er the ocean wide—
"O love! though parted is hand from hand,
My heart is with thee in that far-off land!"

From a far-off land in my dreams I hear
A voice that thrills with a joy untold,
And it bids me trust to the past so dear,
For perfect still is the love of old!
In the spirit then he is near, I know,
And souls are joined by a mystic tie,
Or his words would never so clearly flow,
Repeating my own in the sweet reply—
"O love! though parted is hand from hand,
My heart is with thee in that far-off land!"

A Bunch of Flowers.

BY A. G.

IN a large marquee where a masonic banquet had just been held, one of the stewards, a man of middle age lingered writing something in a pocket-book.

The only thing on the dismantled table that was left unspoilt to the eye were the wonderful vases of splendid tropical blossoms that were sending out sweet breathing scents upon the smoke-laden air.

A war-faced waiter in a greasy dress-suit stood watching the gentleman impatiently.

Organically sensitive to a degree, Dr. Holt lifted his large grey eyes to the man's face and asked haughtily:

"Am I in your way, my good fellow?"

"No, sir; certainly not, sir." said the waiter sheepishly, wiping his hands on the napkin at his side; "only——"

"Ah, I understand. I'm not exactly in the way, yet you wish me away. Now why is that?"

"Well, if you must know, sir, the head waiter will be here presently, and I shall lose my chance of those flowers."

"What do you want the flowers for?" asked the gentleman, surprised that the coveted article was not a game-pie close at hand.

"Well, you see, sir, in our house there is a poor foreign lady who is dying, and she is mortal fond of flowers, particularly great flaunting flashing ones like them there; she says they remind her of the 'sunny south.'"

The gentleman winced, and the waiter continued:

"My missus made me promise to bring some home; my missus is a soft hearted one, and has taken a fancy to Madame Bellini."

Dr. Holt started still more, then said lightly.

"A soft heart is better than a soft head. You shall have the flowers."

He took a double handful of the finest blossoms, and picking up his card from beside his plate, bound them up tightly, then said:

"Take them and that jelly yonder, and this half-bottle of wine, and if they are missed refer your employers to me."

Then he went out and forgot all about the transaction over a rubber of whist.

At the top of a house in the dreariest part of the big city the waiter in question stood beside a good-natured comely-looking woman at the foot of a low white bed, where a lovely, but haggard-looking woman lay, supported by pillows; her great dark eyes were unnaturally bright, her lips a vivid red, her cheeks crimson as the cool fresh flower she laid against them lovingly.

"It was very kind of you, Merton, to think of me. The flowers make me feel happy, they grow in my own sweet home. One is not so afraid of the brown earth when one sees the beautiful treasures it nurses in its warm bosom. Perhaps when I am dead the flowers will talk to me and know I love them."

A tiresome hacking cough interrupted her low soft speech, that had a slightly foreign accent. Fidgeting with the flowers, she noticed that the stems were too tightly compressed, and tried to unwind the string with her nervous fingers.

"Cut it, Merton; see how cruelly it must bruise the stems. Why did you tie them so tightly?"

"I did not tie them, madame; the gentleman who gave me leave to take them did it."

"He must have been a kind man, Merton."

"I think he is, madame; he has a kind face. This is his name, I fancy."

Madame held out her hand for the card, and read:

"Dr. Felix Holt."

She gave a cry of surprise, and dropped the card as though it had stung her.

"You are in pain, madame; can I do anything for you?" asked Mrs. Merton.

"No, thanks. 'Tis an old pain. I think I can sleep now."

Then she pressed the card to her lips, and placed it in her bosom, saying to herself softly:

"Heaven in its infinite mercy directed this kindness from his hands," and fell asleep with a smile of divine gratitude on her sweet face.

"The doctor gives no hope for me," Merton, and now I know I must die I have a favor to ask of you. Take that card and that faded passion flower and seek the gentleman who gave them to you; tell him Mignon is dying and wishes to say farewell to him."

Merton nodded and left her, too moved to speak.

The sick woman lay back amid the pillows, her lips moved as though she prayed.

It was a bright breezy morning and the generous sun sent its cheery rays into the sick-room; a golden canary that hung in a cage by the attic window hopped and chirped, then burst into clear full song so glad was he of the sunshine.

Madame opened her eyes and smiled.

"Does the bird disturb you, dearie?" asked Mrs Merton. "Shall I take it away?"

"No, no; my bird has long been my one solace. Poor pet, it is inviting me to join its melody, but I shall never sing again on earth; my soul is saving up its songs for Paradise."

The sun sank down reluctantly, showing his glory of gold and crimson long after his bonny face was hidden behind a bank of clouds. Madame was looking brighter for a long sleep, and was listening to footsteps that had once quickened as they neared her.

Now she heard them linger on the landing; she clasped her hands above her heart, and said in a clear high tone:

"Felix."

It was like the yearning cry of one who feared to lose a longed-for, but almost despaired of,-blessing.

The door was pushed back quickly, and Dr. Holt entered and crossed to the bed quickly, sinking down on his knees beside it, and silently hiding his face on her feeble fluttering hands.

"Darling, I knew you would come. Oh, husband, husband! can you forgive me all the silence of these bitter blasted years?"

The man's broad shoulders heaved, and the little waxen hands beneath his face were wet with tears coming from a bursting heart. Still that wooing voice went on unanswered:

"Felix, I wanted you to know that though I, like the wicked wayward thing I was, tired of your stiff ways and the dull routine you called duty, I did not tire of you. Oh, my love, my love, how I have longed for you, but I knew how stern you could be, and I feared that ice-cold woman, your mother, would not let you take me back.

"I was mad with the monotony of my life, dear; I who had been brought up from my babyhood in bright Bohemian gaiety. So I ran back to my old profession, and sang my heart sick on the Italian stage. Yet not even that ice-woman you call mother could have lived a purer life than I. Then my beautiful babe was born. Oh, husband, you start, you tremble; there is some compassion left in you for our little child who blooms amid the blossoms of my southern home, guarded by my poor old mother.

"After my child came my voice failed, and I grew sickly, so I staked my all in one venture, and came to England to try and win your forgiveness for the child's sake. I dared not bring her with me, for I might have died and left her among strangers."

Here the wooing voice grew faint, and Dr. Holt raised her in his arms and pressed some wine between the pallid lips. She looked gratefully into his face with such fond entreating eyes, that he closed them with kisses, saying:

"Hush! no more now, poor foolish little wife. Rest and wait."

Then followed a reconciliation the sweeter for their long parting.

A month passed, and summer was softly sighing itself into autumn. Dr. Holt was alone with his good but severe-minded mother.

"Felix, my son," said the lady, smoothing her silvery hair a little nervously beneath her quaker cap, "surely some great good fortune has come to you. What has the old mother done that she is not allowed to rejoice in the happiness of her only child?"

The cool firm tones were broken by emotion, and the keen old eyes were misty with unshed tears.

Her son sat down beside her, and in eloquent words revealed to her all the misery he had suffered, all the weariness of life that seemed so unenjoyable without that brighter half of himself that he had allowed to drift away. Then came the history of his wife's suffering and nearness to death; and last, but most moving of all, his joy at his child's birth, and his longing to see her face.

"My life has seemed so empty, mother, so dreary and undesirable; now it is full of hope and joy and gratitude. I am going to take Mignon back to the sunny south, to the birthplace of our child. Will you come too and share our happiness, as you have shared our mistakes and misery?"

"Not yet, my son, for I feel I helped to make the trouble, but when my boy has made a separate home, then I will come and live near, but not with you till your darling can come to our colder but truer home. Man and wife should live in a home unshared by any but their own flesh, their children. I have been unjust through my jealous love, lad, but it shall never bring aught but blessings to you again."

Three years later, a happy family group arrived at their bonny home, and the quaker grandmother leads by the hand a gaily-attired little lady, who with the wanton waste of childhood, throws aside a little bunch of flowers. The old lady bends her dignified body to pick them up, and says with fond severity:

"Never despise a bunch of flowers, pet; for a bunch of flowers brought peace to two aching hearts, that both my little maid and her cross old granny love dearly."

A lovely little lady left her husband's arm and tip-toed to kiss the good old face gratefully.

Felix Holt's heart sings at the gracious sight, and he smiles approval on her and says gravely:

"Thank you, wife."

"No," she says softly, rearranging the little nosegay, "thank the flowers."

HATS ON.—It is the privilege of the grandees of Spain to stand in the presence of their sovereign with their hats on. A similar privilege, says a contemporary, is hereditary in but one family in England—the De Courcys, Earls of Kinsale.

Six hundred years ago Philip of France summoned King John to answer for the murder of Prince Arthur, or abide the trial by combat. John did neither, but, to save further trouble, induced a brave soldier named De Courcy to act as his champion.

When the adversaries met however, the French knight was so alarmed at the gigantic proportions of his opponent that he declined the combat thereby losing his honor.

As a proof of his quality, De Courcy placed his helmet on a post, and drove his sword through both so hard that none but himself could draw it out. "Never unveil thy bonnet, man, again before king or subject," said John, who was present. "But tell us why thou lookedst so fiercely round ere thou didst deal thy dainty stroke."

"Because, had I failed, I intended to slay all who had dared to mock me."

"By the mass," said John, "thou art a pleasant companion and therewith Heaven keep thee in good heavers."

For generations the De Courcys asserted their privilege by wearing their hat for a few minutes in the presence of their respective sovereigns, and then taking it off like other men.

But at a drawing-room in the reign of George III., the head of the family, with more pride than courtesy, continued to keap on his hat the whole time he was in "the presence."

The king at last lost patience, and convulsed the entire court by remarking, "The gentleman has a right to be covered before me; but even King John could give him no right to be covered before ladies."

MANAGING.—Among the amiable ways of invading personal freedom stands conspicuously the practice of managing people. They are not content with managing their own business and their own households, they have an irresistible longing to manage those of others. They are quick to detect mistakes in their plans, flaws in their methods, errors in their decisions, and promptly set to work to rectify them.

They try hard to convince or persuade, and failing in this, they resort to other means of gaining their point. Such people are seldom malevolent—indeed they are frequently generous and kind-hearted.

They suppose they are really doing one a service by putting one in the right way, peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must. But they are necessarily conceited, for they are perfectly certain that they are right and that their acquaintance is wrong; and they are surely lacking in tact and penetration, or they would see that they are really earning the dislike of those with whom they thus meddle by invading one of the most sacred rights—that of individual liberty of action.

A Woman's

Best Christmas Present

Something every girl and woman will appreciate: a year's subscription to The Ladies' Home Journal. The remembrance comes back twelve times during a year.

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NO MORE.

The night was bitter. Pride and I
Sat gazing at it thro' the pane.
Who can that bold intruder be
That at our casement draweth rein?

We turn our faces, Pride and I.
And yet—the pleading and the pain
Of that one knock—Nay! out of view
He's passed into the night and rain.

Who could that gallant horseman be?
Alas! to-day 'tis but too plain;
His name was Opportunity.
He never came to us again.
—U. N. None.

Strange fact—Silk dresses cannot be satin.

Why must logic have legs?—Because it stands to reason.

It is probably after he has given himself away that a man feels cheap.

A wife must be like roast lamb—tender and nicely dressed. No sauce required.

The musician who accompanies himself does not always have the best of company.

He: "Do you believe in marrying for love?"

She: "Certainly, if one already has plenty of money."

"Well, Willie," asked grandma, "have you had all the dinner you want?"

"No," answered little Willie; "but I have had all I can eat."

"The water of the ocean is not fresh Why?" asked the teacher.

"Because," said Willie, "there's so much of it, nobody can empty it out and renew it."

"Gibbs at last has got his wife to ride a wheel."

"How did he manage it?"

"Had somebody start a report that he didn't want her to ride."

A Western paper says, "We have adopted the eight-hour system in this office. We commence work at eight o'clock in the morning and close at eight in the evening."

Daughter, forcibly: "I wouldn't marry the best man in the world if he were addicted to strong drink."

Mother, gently: "If he were, my dear, he would not be the best man in the world."

"The inventor of the alphabet must have been a modest man," said Hawkins.

"Why so?" asked Mawson.

"Because he began it with A," said Hawkins. "Most men would have begun it with I."

In a law-suit the defendant's counsel, an Irishman, pointing to the plaintiff, said, "There he sits, walking up and down like a motionless statue, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, trying to wire-draw three oak trees out of my client's pocket!"

Father: "In asking for the hand of my daughter, young man, I trust that you fully realize the exact value of the prize you seek?"

Prospective son-in-law: "Well—er—I had not figured it quite so close as that, but I guessed it at about a half million."

Four-year-old Barbara went to church with her two sisters, and came home crying.

"What is the matter, dear?" inquired her mother.

"He, preached a whole s—sermon—about—M—Mary and Martha," sobbed Barbara, "and—never said a word—about me!"

Patient: "I have a great habit of talking in my sleep, doctor."

Physician: "You sleep alone, do you not?"

Patient: "Yes."

Physician: "Then I don't see that talking in your sleep is a serious matter. What is needed is to put a stop to some people's talking in their wake."

"Now, Robbie," said mamma just before the company sat down to dinner, "remember, you must not ask for more pie."

Robbie didn't; but he finished his first piece with much promptness, took a long breath, and addressed himself very audibly to the guest at his right:

"Ain't that dandy pie?" he asked.

"Oh, will he bite?" exclaimed one of Camden's sweetest girls, with a look of alarm, when she saw one of the dancing bears in the street the other day.

"No," said her escort, "he cannot bite—he is muzzled; but he can hug."

"Oh," she said, with a distracting smile. "I don't mind that."

The professor was much annoyed at the persistent yawning of a large, fleshy member of the class, who sat on a front seat.

"I am sorry," he said, dropping the thread of his discourse for a moment, "that my young friend directly in front is unable to take any interest in my remarks."

"Don't mind me, professor," exclaimed the youth, with a terrible yawn; "I'm always this way. I'd gape just the same if it was a funeral."

There is a storekeeper in one of the Western States who sells guns and musical instruments. Hence the following dialogue.

"Strange combination," remarked a visitor.

"It's this way," explained the proprietor. "I sell a man a cornet or banjo or fiddle or something like that; and, by the time he has practised a week, his neighbor comes in and buys a shot-gun or revolver or somethin like that, and I get a profit goin' and comin'. See?"

THE ALIEN HAND.

How much property do English subjects own in America? The aggregate, based on absolute facts, is known to be at least 20,000,000 acres.

The largest of all is probably the Texas possession of the syndicate which includes in its membership the Duke of Beaufort and Rutland, Earl Cadogan and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

The total amount of land held by this association is 3,200,000 acres. It is, as is the case with most of the Texas land, largely composed of what is called range country—that is, land that is better adapted for cattle raising than anything else.

Cattle and wheat are what the English investor seems to think money should be made on in the United States. That is why the syndicate represented by the English capitalist Vincent Scully owns 3,000,000 acres of land in Nebraska, Iowa, and Illinois. This property is situated in the heart of the wheat-growing section.

Two American girls who now wear, by virtue of their marriage to English peers, two of the highest British titles—the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Randolph Churchill—are interested with Sir Edward Reed in a syndicate that owns 2,000,000 acres, situated in Colorado, Wyoming, and New Mexico. This is purely a cattle country, and on it range thousands of head of live stock.

There is another syndicate which includes among its members the Earl of Dalhousie, as well as Viscountess Cross, Lady Hamilton-Gordon, the Marquis Cholmondeley, and several others.

Here is a holding in a still different part of the country, for the lands of the syndicate comprise 1,800,000 acres in Mississippi, including cotton plantations, acres and acres of sugar cane, and enough swine to stock a thousand farms.

Lord Tweedale is a syndicate in himself, and owns a clean 1,300,000 acres. Like most individual landowners with large holdings, his property includes a vast territory which, like that of one of the syndicates spoken of includes immense tracts of grazing lands. Nearly all of this immense possession is devoted to live stock and hay.

COURTING TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—Among the amusing reminiscences of those days is the courtship of the Rev. Stephen Mix, of Whethersfield. He made a journey to Northampton in 1693 in search of a wife. He arrived at the Rev. Soloman Stoddard's, informed him of the object of his visit, and that the pressure of home duties required the utmost despatch.

Mr. Stoddard took him into the room where his daughters were and introduced him to Mary, Esther, Christiana, Sarah, Rebekah, and Hannah, and then retired. Mr. Mix, addressing Mary, the eldest daughter, said he had lately settled at Whethersfield and was desirous of obtaining a wife, and concluded by offering her his heart and hand. She blushingly replied that so important a proposition required time for consideration.

He replied that he was pleased that she asked for suitable time for reflection, and, in order to afford her the needed opportunity to think of his proposal, he would step into the next room and smoke a pipe with her father, and she could report to him. Having smoked his pipe and sent a message to Miss Mary that he was ready for her answer, she came in and asked for further time for consideration.

He replied that she could reflect still longer on the subject, and send her answer by letter to Whethersfield. In a few weeks he received her reply, which is probably the most laconic epistle ever penned. Here is the model letter, which was soon followed by a wedding: —"Northampton, 1693. Rev. Stephen Mix: Yes.—Mary Stoddard."

THIRTEEN ON THE QUARTER.—The belief that the number thirteen is a harbinger of ill luck is the most deeply-rooted and widespread of popular superstitions. It is of even more general circulation than the prejudice against Friday.

An emblem that fairly bristles with the supposedly unlucky thirteen is the twenty-five-cent piece, or quarter dollar, of the United States.

The thirteen colonies that revolted against English rule were not handicapped in the end by the fatefulness of the number. It was England that had the bad luck in that instance. That may be an argument for the believer in the malignity of the number. But to the American quarter and its combinations of thirteen.

In the first place, the head on the face of the coin is surrounded by thirteen stars.

On the reverse side the words "Quarter dollar" contain thirteen letters.

There are thirteen stars in the constellation over the head of the eagle.

There are thirteen letters in the inscription "E Pluribus Unum" on the streamer that floats from the eagle's beak.

There are thirteen arrows in the sheaf held in the right claw, and there are thirteen leaves upon the olive branch held in the left claw.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer

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